THE THEATRE

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Photo Matzene

MARY GARDEN AS CARMEN

This favorite prima donna will be seen as Prosper Mérimée's heroine, in Philadelphia, on November 8

White

A REHEARSAL OF "THE GARDEN OF ALLAH" AT THE CENTURY THEATRE
From left to right: Mary Mannering, Eben Plympton, Robert Hichens (the author), and Lewis Waller

The New Plays

THIRTY-NINTH STREET. "GREEN STOCKINGS." Comedy by A. E. W. Mason. Produced on October 2 last with the following cast:

Col. J. N. Smith, D.S.O....H. R. Smith	Martin .....Halbert Brown
Wm. Faraday, J. P.....Stanley Dark	Celia Faraday.....Miss Anglin
Admiral Grice, R. N....Arthur Lawrence	Evelyn Trenchard..Ruth Holt Boucicault
Hon. Robert Tarver.....Ivo Dawson	Madge Rockingham.....Helen Langford
James Raleigh.....Wallace Widdecombe	Phyllis Faraday.....Gertrude Hitz
Henry Steele.....Henry Hull	Mrs. Chisholm Faraday..Maude Granger

Cut ten minutes out of the first act and eliminate an equal amount of iterative dialogue in the third and "Green Stockings," Mr. A. E. W. Mason's new "comedy" that presents Miss Margaret Anglin in such a light and wholesome vein at the 39th Street Theatre, will be found to be one of the best farces seen on the metropolitan stage in recent years.

The title is derived from an old English custom that requires an unmarried woman to wear hosiery of that color at the marriage of any younger sister. Having gone through this ordeal on two separate occasions, Celia Faraday rebels at the thought of a third experience. Having returned home from a visit, she announces her engagement to a mythical Col. Smith, who has just sailed for Somaliland. Loved by everyone, but imposed upon by an equal number of acquaintances, she is practically sneered at as a confirmed old maid, and one and all refuse to believe she can possibly be engaged to be married.

Marceau

MRS. FISKE

Now appearing in Chicago in Langdon Michell's new comedy, "The New Marriage." Will be seen in New York in January

These are the bases of the preliminary act. The exposition naturally offers nothing in the way of comic action, and the start is therefore effected by means of dialogue and the introduction of the various characters with their individual peculiarities. But there is bright and witty speech throughout it all and, protracted as it is, the delay may be endured for the sake of the second act, which is simply delicious in its whimsical and amusing value. Tired of her self-imposed engagement, Celia resolves to end it all, and causes to be printed in *The Times* the notice of the Colonel's death from wounds received in battle. The letters she has written to her lover she has never sent, but one is by mistake posted, and reaches a Colonel Smith who, curious at the notice of his death, resolves to see who his letter writer is, and whether she had anything to do with his untimely taking off. Having, by the provisions of a will, added Vavasour to his name, he calls on Celia, having adroitly wormed out the secret of her engagement to Smith. He pretends that he brings to Celia the Colonel's dying message, and thereupon follows a scene of comedy cross-examination and resultant confusion, which keeps every audience convulsed with laughter. More of this follows in the third act, too much so, but the conclusion is brought about with a tactful regard of probability.

Mr. Mason's preliminary venture in farce is a distinct success. In forsaking the emotional for the comic, Miss Anglin made a bold leap, but she has accomplished the jump with success if not brilliancy. Her methods are sure and expert, but a little more seriousness at times would improve a performance—farce, as has been remarked, is a very serious thing—which is nevertheless a creation of vital force and valuable humor.

Most admirable support is rendered by H. Reeves Smith as Colonel Smith. His incisive polished methods capitally lend themselves to this rôle, which he plays with distinguished carriage

and easy grace. Stanley Dark gives pompous and fussy distinction to the part of Celia's father; Arthur Laurence is the conventional old Admiral of standard farce, while Ivo Dawson brings a rather new treatment to the rôle of a "silly ass." Gertrude Hitz as the ingenue is pretty and pleasing; and Maude Granger as a Chicago aunt, with a tendency to hysterics, is broadly farcical, and her unintentional jag is portrayed with much fun and an entire freedom from vulgarity.

PLAYHOUSE. "BOUGHT AND PAID FOR." Play in four acts by George Broadhurst. Produced September 26 with the following cast:

Robert Stafford	Charles Richman	Louis	John Sharon
James Gilley	Frank Craven	Virginia Blaine	Julia Dean
Oku	Allen Atwell	Fanny Blaine	Marie Nordstrom

"Bought and Paid For." That is a good, comfortable title for a play. There is a sense of satisfaction about it even before we know any of the circumstances of the transaction. You pay for a thing and it is yours. In this case, however, neither of the bargainers got exactly what they wanted.

A telephone girl, poor but honest, marries a multi-millionaire bachelor. Perhaps it had better be said that he married her. There is a difference. He proposed precipitately, and she accepted with frank deliberation, acknowledging that she was not in love with him. He surrounds her with all the luxury that can be indicated by costumers, jewelers, scene painters and decorators. But she is not happy. She loves her husband, but he comes home from the club drunk too often. When in this condition he smothers her with kisses. He insists on her drinking champagne with him. She finally refuses to submit, escapes from his arms, and goes to her room. He smashes a panel of the door, which she closes behind her, with a pair of fire-tongs—a tense moment that ends the act and results in a dozen curtain calls.

Husband and wife have a grim meeting the morning after. He is ashamed of himself, but he will not agree to give up drink. She declares that she is going to leave him and return to her telephone booth. He is incredulous, but she piles up all his jewelry on the table, and goes out alone into the cold, unsympathetic world. He calls up a detective, not that he doubts her moral conduct, but he loves her enough to want to see that she is protected. He will not ask her to come back, will not agree to give up drink, must always be master in his house, must have his own way about everything, because he "bought and paid for" his wife, and will not receive her again until she asks for a reconciliation on these terms.

Their reconciliation is brought about with her seeming to have sent for him for the purpose of asking his forgiveness. She had not sent for him, but the reconciliation is effected.

There are plenty of strong scenes in the play, and plenty of convincing mirth in the character, the sayings and the doings of a thirteen-dollar-a-week clerk, the brother-in-law of the young millionaire's wife. The slightest account of this person would give a convincing idea of the merry moments of the play. The comedy, in what might be a very serious play, according to the nature of the theme, begins at once, and keeps up throughout the piece. When the millionaire comes home drunk, and has a heart to heart talk with the clerk, we have some of the most amusing scenes ever seen on the stage.

After the marriage the shipping clerk is employed by the millionaire, and, being in the family, is gradually raised from $50 a week to $150. He takes advantage of the hilarious good humor of the millionaire, in the drunken scene, to ask for a raise of salary. His employer reminds him that he first paid him $50 a week, because he was only worth ten, that he raised him to a hundred when he was worth twenty, and, in a moment of liberality, raised him to $150. He refuses to give him more. The clerk's estimate of his own ability and of the value of the suggestions that he now makes is exceedingly amusing. In the last act the clerk is reduced back to his old salary in some other employment, and is living with his wife in circumstances that are extremely bitter in view of his fall from brief prosperity. He has to hand over all his salary to his wife, but may retain a certain amount for his pipe and car-fare. Upon demanding this sum, she gives him the amount for the next day only, and this arrangement is to hold. Naturally, he is going to make some effort to re-establish the opulence of the recent past. He contrives to send a message to the husband, who comes to meet his wife at the sordid domicile. How the reconciliation between husband and wife is brought about when they meet it is perhaps not necessary to recount. As a comedy, in which the subordinate characters carry an immense feather-weight of fun, Mr. Broadhurst's play has many of the qualities of Robertson's "Caste." The conceited little shipping

White CHARLOTTE WALKER

As June in Eugene Walter's new play, "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine," dramatized from John Fox, Jr.'s, novel of that name

clerk is admirably played by Frank Craven. Charles Richman gives an unaccustomed lightness of touch to the rôle of the husband. He is at last very human and impressive in a natural way. Miss Julia Dean, the talented descendant of the well-known actress of the same name, plays the wife with power and sincerity. Marie Nordstrom is sympathetic as the wife's sister. But it is the excruciatingly funny character of the impecunious brother-in-law, so admirably acted by Frank Craven, that ensures for "Bought and Paid For" a front place among the decided successes of this new season.

LYRIC. "THE GREAT NAME." Comedy in three acts by James Clarence Harvey. Adapted from the German of Victor Leon and Leo. Feld. Produced October 4 with this cast:

Joseph Hofer, Henry Kolker; Robert Brand, Russ Whytal; Rupert Lang, Edward Langford; Ludwig Manhard, Sam Edwards; Wigond, Rudolph Duering; Roland, Arthur Hoyt; Rubert, Forrest Orr; Sommers, Hans Figdor; Weitman, Francesque Lardan; Kellogg, S. Grosskopf; John, Holt Massey; Tristan, Sydney Melvin; Stephanie Delius, Louise Woods; Mrs. Hofer, Lizzie Hudson Collier; Clara Brand, Aileen May; Isolde Brand, Ruth Chatterton; Anna, Dorothy Walters.

It is not a Teutonic idea that a highly successful composer of light music should, in order to bring a friend from obscurity, have that unsuccessful friend's symphony accepted and produced under his own name, and then introduce the real composer to the public. "The Great Name" is not essentially German, but it is acted in a fat-headed way. It ill becomes us who have laughed so heartily over so many German plays to call a piece Teutonic, thereby expecting to dispose of it. The plan of the play is simple and logical enough, and entirely reasonable for theatrical purposes. It is logical, and the motives for conduct are sufficient. It is immaterial that no great symphony has ever been produced in like circumstances. Here is a musician at the height of his popularity, ambitious himself of writing more serious music, but perhaps incapable of it, and who is almost driven distracted by a popular waltz song of his own, which is played on all the hand-organs. His children strum it on the piano. His fat cook dances in and out to the strains of it. He has to pay the organ grinders to move on. At the rehearsals of one of his compositions he had spoken rudely to one of the fiddlers. It is a question of discharging the violinist. He learns that this man is an old friend of his whom he had not recognized. He visits him, and finds him the same genius that he knew when they started out together to make a career. The unsuccessful musician chafes at his failure, but continues to write unpublished music of the higher order. The musician with a great name finds that the wife of this man is a woman whom he had loved in his youth. For her sake, if we give him no higher motive, he suggests that he give his great name to the symphony which he now hears played, and have it produced.

White INA CLAIRE
Appearing in the title rôle in "The Quaker Girl" at the Park Theatre and recently seen at the Folies Bergère

The details of the action that accomplishes this story are obvious. The scenes belonging to it are well contrived. The curtain falls on the clamorous applause that greets the real composer when he is presented as the real author. Mr. Russ Whytal plays the small part of the composer of the symphony exquisitely, but his acting stands out mainly because it is entirely natural, and is in direct contrast to the acting of Mr. Kolker, who plays the part of the musician with the "great name." Mr. Kolker has a very difficult part to play. The theory of the character is that the lesser musician is not a great genius, but that he affects the manners of one. He has to do this in order to live up to his reputation. There is a German word that describes him. It is a *halb-genie*. It stands to reason that a musician who is lauded by the whole public, and whose music is played and sung everywhere, is not a fool. He must have some kind of genius. The very adulation

Copyright Charles Frohman Agnes (Emily Wakeman) Hortense (Isabel West) Simoneau (George Howell) Maurice (C. Aubrey Smith) Colette (Billie Burke)
Act I. Simoneau: "I am going the pace with a sculptor at the wheel"
SCENE IN "THE RUNAWAY," A NEW COMEDY BY PIERRE VEBER AND HENRI DE GORSSE, AT THE LYCEUM

one receives, if he is a comparatively small man, conscious of his limitations, might induce him to affect some of the characteristics of a genius. If Mr. Kolker were to make this distinction, he could make a real character of Joseph Hofer. Many of the supposed characteristics of genius exist in abundance among very ordinary people. Plenty of people have temperament. Plenty of people are nervous and fly into a rage over trifles. Numbers of us are absent-minded, although we haven't "a great name." Mr. Kolker has a wrong conception of the part, we think. He is a very good actor. He is capable of shading the character. The play is not a great play, but it is simple, becoming too sentimental only when it is over-acted, and if it is acted properly it should serve for wholesome entertainment.

LYCEUM. "THE RUNAWAY." Comedy in four acts by Pierre Veber and Henri De Gorsse. Adapted by Michael Morton. Produced October 9. Cast:

Maurice Delonay, C. Aubrey Smith; Simoneau, George Howell; Pierre Berton, Henry Miller, Jr.; Vignaux, Morton Selten; Monsieur Pingo, H. A. Cripps; Alcide Pingo, Edwin Nicander; The Curé, Harry Barfoot; Agnes Irondelle, Emily Wakeman; Hortense Irondelle, Isabelle West; Nancy Vallier, Jane Evans; Leonie, Alice Gale; Mademoiselle Suberville, Josephine Morse; Mademoiselle Lyse, Roma Devonne; Julia, Aline McDermott; Madame Pichu, Adelaide Cumming; Madame Pingo, Lettie Ford; Colette, Billie Burke.

BLANCHE WALSH
Appearing in vaudeville in a sketch by Arthur Hopkins, called "The Thunder Gods"

Miss Billie Burke has a new play. In fact, it is the best one she has had since she became a star, but it might have been a great deal better if Michael Morton in adapting "La Gamine," by Pierre Veber and Henri de Gorsse, had utilized some real, practical intelligence and retained something more of the naïve charm and local spirit of the original. It is said the French authors had in view the possibilities of the American market when they wrote this piece, as it conforms more to the *drame blanche* than the usual output from their Gallic pens. But "The Runaway," as their comedy is called in English, had some incisively spicy moments which Mr. Morton has rendered with such a heavy hand and such stodgy suggestiveness that the effects are clumsy when they are not coarse.

"The Runaway" is a very simple little story. Colette is an orphan who lives with two straight-laced maiden aunts at Pont Audemar. Maurice Delonay, a successful Parisian painter, spends the summer there, and, finding that Colette has talent for painting, teaches her. On his departure for the French capital he tells her that should she come to Paris she must look him up. Scandalized by the fact that she painted the bare legs of children on a Sunday, the aunts feel that the only way they can evade further responsibility is to have her married. Alcide Pingo, a stupid country lout, is selected as her partner, but rather than marry him, Colette runs away, and thus ends the first act.

Delonay has a really gorgeous studio in Paris, and when the curtain rises on the second act he is entertaining some friends, including Nancy Vallier, of the Comédie Française, with whom he is *épris*. Thither comes Colette with her bags and boxes. She has been in Paris for a week, but her money having given out she decides to take advantage of Delonay's invitation. He, of course, has an awkward time in housing her, especially as the police have been notified of her disappearance. But he does so. Colette discovers to herself that she loves Delonay, and becomes miserably and then furiously jealous of Nancy, her rival. She spoils Delonay's portrait of the actress, and so persuades the artist that he, in turn, is in love with his little protégée. In the final act, in the garden of a villa near Monte Carlo, the aunts find Colette, and her marriage to the middle-aged artist is promptly arranged for. In the original she married a former schoolmate, an artist who studied under Delonay.

The mechanism of all this runs smoothly and without a hitch. There is a suitable and appriate curtain at the end of each act, and at least, as far as the two principal characters are concerned, their emotions are appropriately and effectively predicated.

In Colette, Miss Burke has a rôle well suited to her special characteristics. The deeper feelings are rather superficially indicated, but her prettiness and her youthful grace find happy expression in the delineation of an ingenuous and attractive stage figure. The middle-aged artist, Delonay, is played with nice, refined dignity and simplicity by C. Aubrey Smith, and a good bit of character acting is done by Edwin Nicander as the country boor, afterwards transplanted to the gay life of Paris. To Nancy Vallier Miss Jane Evans brings a strikingly handsome personality, while George Howell, as the friend of the artist, is genuinely natural, and Morton Selten mildly amusing as a stupid police official. The settings are all that could be desired, and the studio effect one of real beauty, richness and good taste.

White Georgia Connor (Gertrude Elliott) Al Talbot (George Le Guere)
Act II. Al reads the account of the baseball game
SCENE IN "REBELLION" AT MAXINE ELLIOTT'S THEATRE

MAXINE ELLIOTT'S. "REBELLION." Play in four acts by Joseph Medill Patterson. Produced October 3 with this cast:

Georgia Connor, Gertrude Elliott; Jim Connor, Geo. Farren; Mrs. Talbot, Eva Vincent; Al Talbot, Geo. Le Guere; Mason Stevens, A. Scott Gatty; Father Hervey, Fuller Mellish; Dr. Randall, Jas. E. Wilson; A Politician, Charles Dowd; A Collector, Malcom Cook; A Janitor, Harry M. Price.

"Rebellion" has to be reckoned with as an undeniably strong problem play of our land and time, telling a sordid story with quite unnecessarily harrowing details to enforce an argument for divorce under circumstances that in the actual life here portrayed with crude realism would be regarded as amply justifiable, even by churchmen, of the younger generation. Human nature is so constituted that there are numerous playgoers attracted to the theatre by a representation of this sort, who would rightly consider it a boresome punishment to have to see the

(*Continued on page xi*)

Photos White

Bunty Biggar
(Molly Pearson)

Rab Biggar
(Edmond Beresford)

Act I. The Sabbath. Rab tries hard to master his catechism

SCENE IN GRAHAM MOFFAT'S COMEDY, "BUNTY PULLS THE STRINGS," PRESENTED AT THE COMEDY THEATRE

Scotch Actors Give Delight in Charming Play

COMEDY THEATRE. "BUNTY PULLS THE STRINGS." Scotch comedy in three acts by Graham Moffat. Presented on October 10 last, with the following cast of players:

Rab Biggar, Edmond Beresford; Bunty Biggar, Molly Pearson; Susie Simpson, Jean Cadell; Tammas Biggar, Campbell Gullan; Weelum Sprunt, Sanderson Moffat; Eelen Dunlop, Amy Singleton; Teenie Dunlop, Margaret Nybloc; Jeems Gibb, George Ingleton; Maggie Mercer, Marjorie Davidson; Dan Birrell, Will Jaxone.

Those who keep track of foreign productions knew that the Haymarket Theatre in London had a really remarkable success in "Bunty Pulls the Strings," but it was Lee Shubert and W. A. Brady who recognized its worth as an American attraction.

It was impossible to get the original company for the tour in this country, and so its author, Graham Moffat, was empowered to secure one that would do full justice to his first play, for Mr. Moffat as a playwright had hitherto been associated only with sketches designed for the music halls. The company was selected from here and there—it had never as individuals played together before—and was shipped over to New York, where, with no undue preliminary touting, it opened at the Comedy Theatre on October 10th last.

It scored both as a piece and by its execution one of the most sensational successes of recent years. Such notices as appeared in the local press on the following day were a revelation, as far as praise and appreciation were concerned. The effect was instantaneous. The second night, always a critical one with a new venture, saw a sold-out condition an hour before the curtain rose, and the every indication now is that the managers themselves will have to pull some strings to arrange for Bunty's permanent habitat, as Willie Collier is booked to appear at the Comedy late in November, and it will surely be summer before the Manhattaners will have had enough of this capable, shrewd Scotch lassie and her amusing associates.

And the wherefore of all this? Not because Mr. Moffat's comedy is a great piece of theatrical workmanship, for it is not. Not because its players are artists of superlative excellence, for they are not. Its established vogue lies in its wholesome, homely truth, and the skilful, natural methods by which the characters are individualized and made breathing human entities. "Bunty Pulls the Strings" is a genre picture of Scottish life.

Bunty
(Molly Pearson)

Weelum
(Sanderson Moffat)

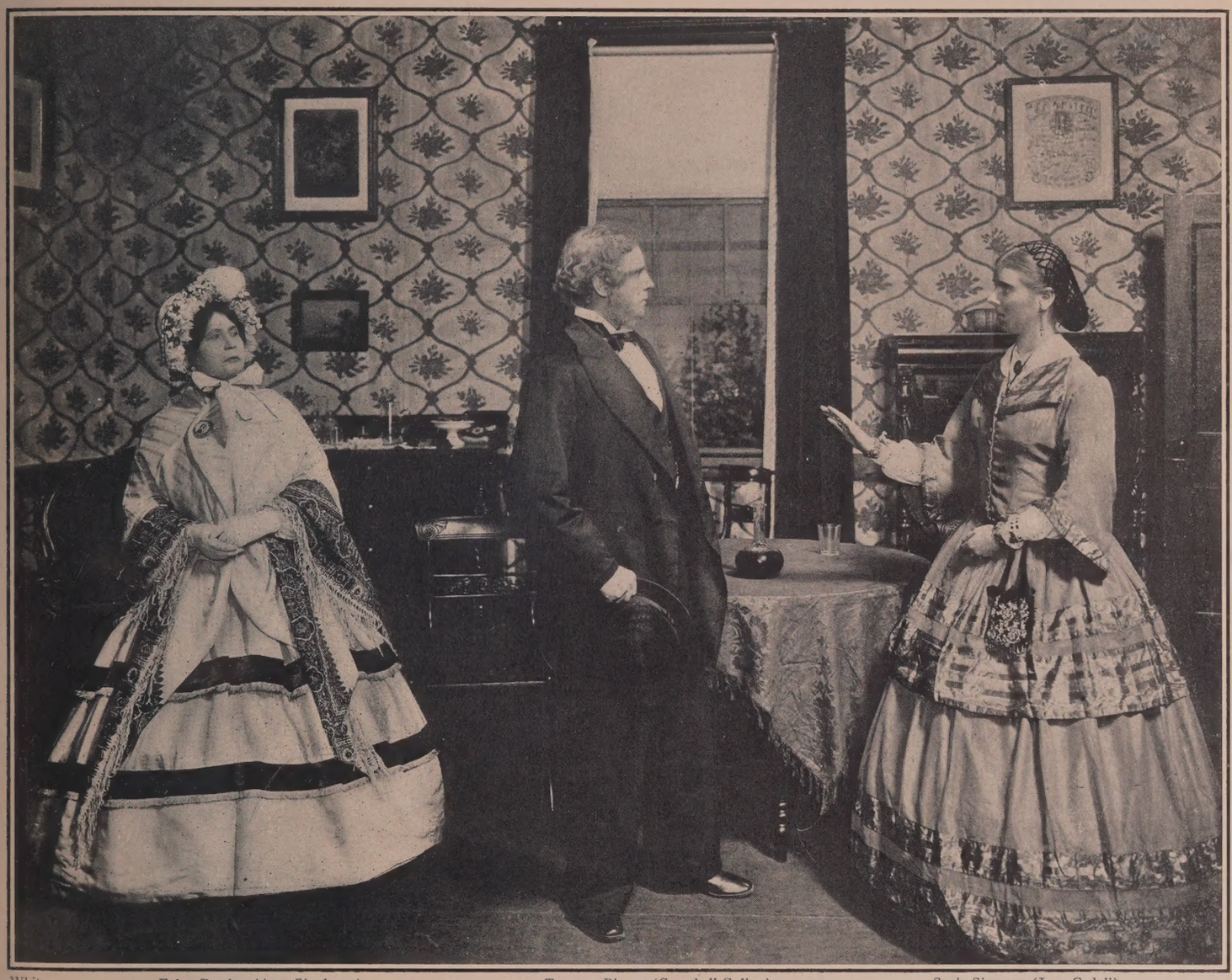
Act. II. Weelum complains that his collar is too small

It is unnecessary and inappropriate to say that Barrie's influence is evident. Mr. Moffat makes no use of the fantastic. His is a simple little story affecting the fortunes of half a dozen middle-class Scots, told with a potent living charm. Their weaknesses are broadly sketched, but with naive humor, while the dialogue has that real literary quality which tells the thing as it should be told, free from fine writing and pedantic interruptions.

Bunty is a young Scotch girl, reliant, shrewd, executive, albeit somewhat dictatorial. Her father is a bigoted Calvinist, who even pulls down the blinds on a Sunday that the sun may not cheer things up. Canny and intolerant, Tammas Biggar is a pillar of the church, but he has utilized £120 of a trust fund, given to him by Miss Susie Simpson to pay the gambling debts of a son driven from home by his harshness. Miss Susie suspects, and boldly proposes, marriage as an alternative, but in the meantime turns up Eelen Dunlop, whom Biggar had jilted twenty-five years before. When Susie finds that Tammas' old sentiment is awakening, she makes a scene in front of the kirk, accuses Biggar of theft, and insists that the local policeman arrest him, but Bunty says she shall be paid the following day, and this is done, but with the money that her fiancé, Weelum Sprunt, has saved up for their marriage.

Then, as before, Bunty proves her ability. She shows that the money really belonged to Weelum, sidetracks the vengeful spinster, arranges for the marriage of her father with the long deserted Eelen, and gets the latter's niece a place with the local milliner, thus paving the way for a romance between that young woman and her (Bunty's) brother Rab. Of course, she does not overlook her own interests, and her wedding to Weelum is carefully arranged for in the near future.

All this is deliciously told in scenes of quaint, quiet humor, instinct with real local color and with a knowledge of the Scot which is as unerringly truthful as it is frankly unflattering. Bunty is played by Miss Molly Pearson, the original in this country of the slavey in "The Passing of the Third Floor Back."



White — Eelen Dunlop (Amy Singleton) — Tammas Biggar (Campbell Gullan) — Susie Simpson (Jean Cadell)

Act. I. The spinster tries to make Tammas Biggar ridiculous before his future wife

SCENE IN GRAHAM MOFFAT'S AMUSING SCOTCH COMEDY, "BUNTY PULLS THE STRINGS," AT THE COMEDY THEATRE

Hers is a performance of much charm and executive skill. The every phase of the rôle is admirably developed.

Her intolerant father is sketched with shrewd, tenacious purpose by Campbell Gullan, who has had a long training in the Glasgow Theatre. It is a real portrait which Jean Cadell presents as Susie Simpson. The make-up is wonderful in its detail, and conventional as the character in a way is, Miss Cadell refrains entirely from caricature and makes the repellent spinster a creation of splendid value. In stock Miss Cadell has more than eighty parts to her credit.

The deserted Eelen is played with sympathetic graciousness by Amy Singleton, and Rab, the brother, and his sweetheart, Teenie, are acted with ingenuous frankness by Edmond Beresford and Margaret Nybloc. Nice bits of character are contributed by George Ingleton, Marjory Davidson and Will Jaxone.

To the author's brother, Sanderson Moffat, is entrusted the part of Weelum Sprunt, and admirably well he plays Bunty's dull-witted fiancé. His scene "at the plate" before the kirk—he has just been made an elder—is the epitome of comic bewilderment.

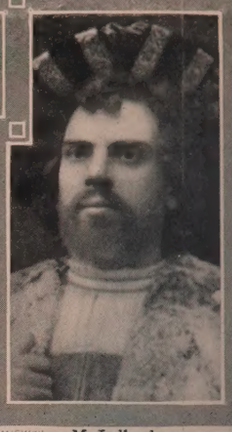
THE GRAND OPERA SEASON

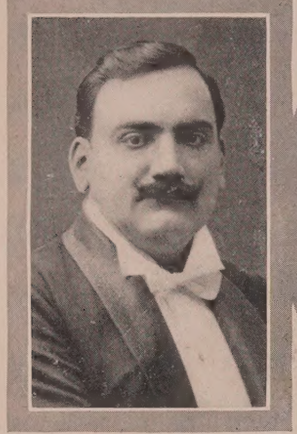
M. Slezak

Mme. Tetrazzini

Mme. Gadski

Mme. Morena


M. Jadlowker


Signor Caruso

Mme. Farrar

Mme. Destinn

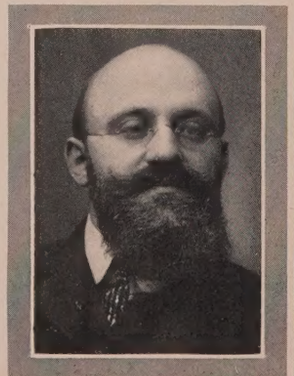
Mme. Fremstad

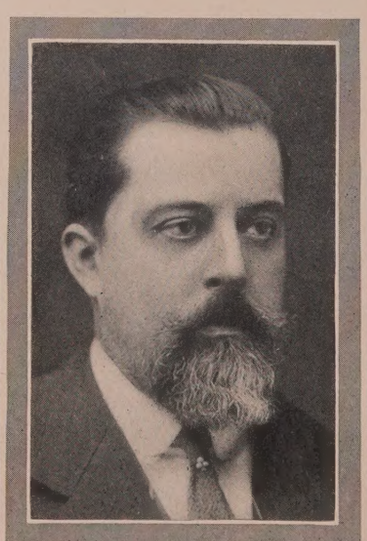
Signor Scotti

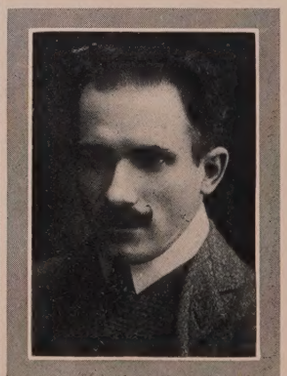
SOME OF THE WORLD-FAMOUS OPERATIC STARS WHO WILL BE HEARD AT THE METROPOLITAN THIS WINTER

FOR five months, beginning November 13, the residents of New York are going to be deluged, swamped, engulfed in music. Opera, concert and recital will reign, and among these opera will be king. There will be no day in the week but that the longing of the music-hungry may be satisfied, and no week in the five months in which an endless offering of music will not be poured forth into the ears of the willing, and even of the unwilling. It promises to be a music season that, to lapse into parlance, for "length, breadth and thickness," will equal any of those offered to big music centres of the old world.

And, as we said above, opera will reign king. For twenty-two consecutive weeks, beginning this month, the Metropolitan Opera House will offer an unbroken succession of operas every evening of the work-a-day week, a matinée for good measure on Saturday, and a Sunday night concert. It will simply be an orgy of sound.


Alfred Hertz
(Conductor)


Signor Gatti-Casazza
(Director)


Arturo Toscanini
(Conductor)

This will be the fourth year that Giulio Gatti-Casazza has stood at the helm of the ship of opera at the Metropolitan. For two years he held the post jointly with Andreas Dippel, but now the latter has taken charge of the destinies of grand opera in Chicago and Philadelphia, Gatti-Casazza sails alone, and this will be his second season as dictator.

All summer he has slaved. Braving the heat of Paris and the discomfort of travel, he has not rested much longer than a fortnight, endeavoring to supervise every move, putting his opera house in order for the winter. And the official prospectus gives every indication of it being a well-regulated operatic household.

Let it be admitted at the start that the Metropolitan's season's plans contain no array of startling European novelties; and the reason is not far to seek, since those who have watched and weighed the doings of European opera houses during the past twelvemonth declare that novelties are as rare as auk's eggs if one is really looking for worthy material to import.

So the Metropolitan waives the prior claim of Europe, and places at the head of its novelty list an American opera, by American composer and American librettist, and to be sung in English —we were tempted to say "in American." Its name is "Mona," its composer is Professor Horatio W. Parker, of Yale, and its librettist is Bryan Hooker. It is the choice among many manuscripts submitted in answer to a competition for an American opera, instituted by the Metropolitan directorate last spring, with a prize of $10,000 as goal. So far as possible, "Mona" is to be sung by American singers or by English singing artists.

Among the foreign novelties there looms large an opera called "Le Donne Curiose," composed by Ermanno Wolf-Ferrari, whose charming "Il Segretto di Susanna" was presented at the Metropolitan last year by the Chicago opera company. This work is not new, and the reason it has not been produced earlier in the career of this opera institution is because of its extreme difficulties.

Thuille's "Lobetanz" is another foreign novelty announced, which is not a new work, either; and a Russian novelty is Moussorgsky's "Boris Godounoff." A German work, more recent, is

Mme. Homer

M. Gilly

Mme. Gluck

M. Jorn

M. Didur

M. Burrian

Karl Goldmark's "The Cricket on the Hearth;" also a briefer Teutonic opera, composed by a celebrated Berlin conductor, namely, Leo Blech's "Versiegelt."

In the French list is Xavier Leroux's "Le Chemineau," being an operatic version of Richepin's play, known in this country as "The Harvester," and played by Mr. Otis Skinner.

Italy figures prominently in the list, the following works being scheduled for first performances and revivals: "Cristoforo Colombo," by Baron Franchetti; "L'Amico Fritz," by Pietro Mascagni; "Manon Lescaut," by Puccini, and Rossini's "Guglielmo Tell" and "Il Signor Bruschino." Also is there a second American opera listed among the array of novelties, Mr. Arthur Nevin's "Twilight," which had been scheduled for production last season, but which was postponed or abandoned for the time.

As in previous seasons, ballet will also play an important rôle in the season, not the common or garden variety of opera ballet, but the Russian ballet, with its features of novelties and its fill of real dancing. Mikail Mordkin will head the array of principals, but Pavlowa will not be his partner this season. Instead, Katarina Geltzer and Julia Siedowa are leaders on the distaff side of the ballet. This troupe of Russians will be seen at the Metropolitan during December and January, and they will dance ballets and divertissements, filling out regular subscription evenings when short operas are scheduled. The list of ballets from which a repertoire will be selected includes "Coppelia," "Giselle," "The Seasons," "Le Lac de Cygnes," and "The Russian Wedding."

And now for the singers. The most important additions are Luisa Tetrazzini, who has sung so often at the Manhattan Opera House, and who will now appear at the Metropolitan for the first time; Margarethe Matzenauer, who ranks very high in Germany as a contralto; a new German baritone will be added in the person of Hermann Weil, who so recently has won laurels in Bayreuth; Putnam Griswold, an American basso, returns after winning success in Germany, particularly in Berlin; Theodora Orridge, a contralto, and Lambert Murphy, a tenor, complete the list of newcomers.

The roster of familiar artists includes Caruso, Emmy Destinn, Geraldine Farrar, Olive Fremstad, Berta Morena, Johanna Gadski, Louise Homer, Alma Gluck, Carl Burrian, Riccardo Martin, Hermann Jadlowker, Leo Slezak, Carl Jörn, Pasquale Amato, Dimitri Smirnoff, Antonia Scotti, Giuseppe Campanari, Dinh Gilly, Otto Goritz, Adamo Didur and Herbert Witherspoon.

Arturo Toscanini and Alfred Hertz are again to be the conductors, and to this number is added Giuseppe Sturani, the latter having conducted at the Philadelphia Opera House when it was under the ægis of Oscar Hammerstein.

In addition to the regular subscription performances there will be special series of operas, such as classic works, or novelties that prove so popular there that they demand more frequent hearings. "Parsifal" and "The Ring" are thus scheduled.

But that is not nearly all, for the Chicago-Philadelphia Opera company is to visit New York and give six special performances here. At least two novelties will then be presented, namely, Wolff-Ferrari's "The Jewels of the Madonna" and Massenet's "Cendrillon." These performances, one each week, will be spread over six weeks in January and February, Cleofonte Campanini conducting. And during the regular Metropolitan season there will be exchanges of artists, enabling quite a number of singers from both the Boston and Chicago opera companies to be heard in New York, such as Maurice Renaud, Carmen Melis, Charles Dalmores, Amadeo Bassi, John McCormack, Giovanni Zenatello, and Maria Claessens.

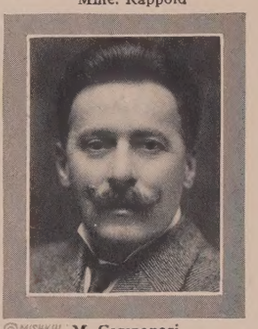
The subscription is the largest in the history of the institution, the demand for unfilled seats is imposing, so that public support is assured. New scenery and costumes are at hand, the usual efficient orchestra has been engaged, and the regular chorus and ballet will be equal to the demands made upon them. So, all told, it promises to be the greatest and artistically a most satisfying season of opera.

But that is only one feature of the New York music season, for there is still the vast array of concerts and recitals to be reckoned with. Our own Philharmonic Society has imported a new conductor, Josef Stransky, and will give a long succession of concerts; the New York Symphony Society, led by Walter Damrosch, will be heard numberless times at the Century Theatre in classic concerts; the Boston Symphony Society visits New York for ten concerts, conducted by Max Fiedler, who is filling the final year of his engagement at Boston; the Russian Symphony Society, with Modest Altschuler, will be heard in a subscription series of concerts; Franz X. Arens will conduct the People's Symphony concerts, worthy and interesting musical affairs for the students and wage-earners; Arnold Volpe will give Volpe Symphony concerts; Walter Damrosch will lead six (Continued on page x)

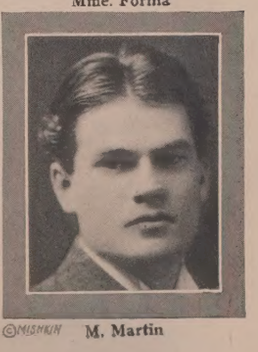
Mme. Alten

M. Amato

Mme. Rappold


M. Campanari

Mme. Fornia


M. Martin

Gabrielle of the Lilies On and Off the Stage

GABY DESLYS, the dancer and pantomimist, came to the Winter Garden on September 27, after having been heralded sensationally in a fashion such as falls to the lot of few vaudeville performers. Did not rumor whisper that her beauty and talent had found favor with no less a personage than a king? Well, she is certainly good to look upon, this fair daughter of France. She wears exquisite costumes ravishingly and her jewels are the talk of Europe. As an artist, she is less remarkable perhaps, but she danced gracefully enough through "Les Débuts de Chichine," an innocuous little sketch in which she has three suitors, to whom she makes the business-like proposition that she will marry the first who brings her a theatrical contract.

Off the stage Gaby Deslys reminds one of a white kitten, blue eyed and with the habit of wearing a pink ribbon around its neck. A rather lank and very active kitten, prettily playful, with claws in reserve for times of needed defense. Her movements are quick and cat-like. Like a cat she falls easily into graceful postures. She seems a creature for the soft places of life, the sunny corners of the world. Her eyes are fine, large and liquid, with the cat's trick of enlarging the pupils until they look black in the shadows.

She is deliciously young, as young as her reputed nineteen years. Her nose is straight and fine and has a spirited flare. Her lips, doubly curved, are like those of a wilful child. Her complexion is of roseleaf fineness of texture and delicacy of tint. Her teeth have the whiteness of a three-year-old child's. She has a strong, saucy chin. She is very good to look at and not unpleasant to listen to, for her English is pure, though hesitant. She feels her way, with cat-like step, among new verbs and novel nouns.

Photo Manuel
"A wonderful dressing table with toilet articles of solid gold"

This is what she said to the present writer after she had dispersed her stage lovers and slipped out of the splendor of the green brocade velvet cloak she had worn on the stage into the apparent simplicity of a white lace negligée and sat in her small, square dressing room at the Winter Garden, before a wonderfully equipped dressing table, covered with every conceivable toilet article, all of solid gold.

"How droll that the journalists in this country have written that my mother was a washerwoman in Paris!" she said petulantly. "My mother is a home woman. My father is a drygoods merchant of Marseilles. I was born in Marseilles and went to school at the Convent of Ste. Marie until I was sixteen. I wanted to go on the stage and my father would not permit it. So at sixteen I ran away. I went to Paris and got an engagement at one of the variety theatres at ten dollars a week. Later I played in London and Berlin. Each time I returned to Paris I played in a more exclusive theatre. The little Theatre of the Capucins is most exclusive."

She wore three necklaces of pearls, big, graduated drops, as though milk *(Continued on page viii)*

Photo Manuel
"She reminds one of a little white kitten"

SARA ALLGOOD, LEADING WOMAN OF THE IRISH PLAYERS, IN "THE SHADOW OF THE GLEN"

The Irish Players

IT may be taken as a happy omen for the theatrical season just inaugurated that the Irish Players are here for three months, and that they have with them a repertory of no less than forty plays, all fragrant with the breath of the most poetic country in Europe, and all, too, plays which "act" quite as well as if they were not literature.

WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS
The distinguished Irish poet

George Moore, who has been associated with the fortunes of the Irish drama ever since its brave but somewhat impotent beginnings several years ago, has said that Yeats' first idea of a theatre was a little mist, some fairies and a psaltery. Yet Yeats is now the active director of an excellently workmanlike company, which presents real drama with precision as well as with art! For Yeats liked and believed in the Irish *folk*, and when he saw that the spirit of the land he cherishes could be presented in prose as well as in poetry, and through the Irish idiom of English no less effectively than through Gaelic, he set himself vigorously to foster and to forward the work of the Abbey Theatre.

The result does him very much credit, for he has been the means of bringing to the light several Irish dramatists who, but for him, would have remained as mute as the inglorious Miltons of the Churchyard poem. John N. Synge, for instance, with whose "Shadow of the Glen" the company made its bow to an American audience in Boston recently,* was an unsuccessful journalist whose literary articles excited no enthusiasm whatever in editorial breasts, and who must have remained an unknown had not Yeats induced him to put into dramatic form his intimate knowledge of peasant life in Ireland. The first fruits of Synge's trying was the play already referred to, which had its initial production in Molesworth Hall eight years ago. Yeats is said to have cried out, "Euripides!" when he heard it read. And when Synge read his "Riders to the Sea" to the company a few weeks later, the director emitted the single word, "Aeschylus!" Nor is this appreciation so exaggerated as might at first blush appear. Without a tinge of sentimentality, yet with such poignant truth that one aches in every nerve as one follows the text, Synge tells this simple, terrible story of the old woman whose children have, one after the other, been torn from her arms by the ruthless sea.

LADY GREGORY
Founder of the Irish Literary Theatre

"The Shadow of the Glen" is much less uncompromising. It contains, indeed, such an admixture of almost farcical comedy, along with its grimly tragic note, that the ordinary American audience, accustomed to the travesties on Irish life, which constitute the mainstay of "vaudeville," is likely to spoil the whole thing by laughing in the wrong place. Even in Boston, the seldom-heard hiss had to be called into requisition in order that the more enlightened of those present should be able to enjoy the play in the way the playwright meant. Boucicault consciously aimed at guffaws when he made Con the Shaugran sit up at his own wake and partake slyly of whiskey. But only the crude and cruel mind would see comedy and not tragedy in the resuscitation of a hard, unloving husband whose supposed death has enabled his young wife to glimpse for the first time the possibility of getting away from the shadowy glen which for many years has so maddeningly oppressed her. The setting of the piece is a kitchen in the cottage of Nora Burke (Sara Allgood), a young woman consumed with loneliness and haunted by wistful dreams of what life might have meant had she married a man young like herself and become the joyful mother of his lusty children. Instead of which she

G. A. O'Rourke J. M. Kerrigan
SCENE IN "THE RISING OF THE MOON," COMEDY BY LADY GREGORY

*EDITOR'S NOTE:—The Irish Players opened their American season at the New Plymouth Theatre, Boston, on September 23 last. They will be seen shortly in New York.

Sarony

MAY ROBSON

In "The Three Lights," a new play written by herself and Charles T. Dazey. Miss Robson was seen last season in "The Rejuvenation of Aunt Mary"

has been tied to a jealous old tyrant and condemned to life imprisonment with him in the last house of a lonely glen, a place which is always either drenched with rains or sodden with mists, and where the chief evidence that there is a sun comes from the shadows that it casts upon the adjacent mountain side—and upon her brooding spirit. She thinks, however, that now at last she will be free, for has not her husband "died in his bed?" To the tramp who happens in for shelter, as one of the inevitable showers drench the roads, she unburdens her soul of the weight put upon it by the grim figure lying motionless on the bed.

But Dan Burke is only shamming in order that he may spy upon his wife, and, at the psychological moment, frighten her nearly to death by rising up in his shroud and pointing an accusing finger at her! Disappointment that the psychological moment is so slow in coming, added to an uncontrollable desire to sneeze, combine to make the mean trickster burst upon the scene all too soon; and since he can find nothing tangible of which to accuse Nora, he vents his bestial fury on her and turns her, in all the storm, out of his house forever. Yet she does not have to go alone. The tramp will be her comrade and friend. Pulling her eagerly by the sleeve he says: "Come with me now, lady of the house, and it's not my blathering you'll be hearing only, but you'll be hearing the herons crying out over the black lake, and you'll be hearing the grouse and owls with them, and the larks and the big thrushes when the days are warm; and it's not from the like of them you'll be hearing a tale of getting old like Peggy Cavanagh and losing the hair off you and the light of your eyes, but it's fine songs you'll hear them singing when the sun goes up, and there'll be no old fellow wheezing the like of a sick sheep close to your ear." So the two poets wander together out into the darkness and the storm, while the hard, old husband and his crony clink their whiskey glasses and exchange sly winks.

Sara Allgood, who plays Nora in this piece, and has the rôle of the sparkling post-mistress, Mrs. Delane, in Lady Gregory's rollicking comedy, "Hyacinth Halvey," is an actress of very great charm. In an "intimate" theatre, such as the Abbey in Dublin or the New Plymouth in Boston—where the Yeats company gave its first performances in America—she wears practically no make-up, and the appeal of her low, sweet voice, dusky brown hair and tense, wistful face, gets over the footlights in quite a surprising fashion. She will play all the woman leads while the company is in America, for her sister, Miss Maire O'Neill, for whom Synge wrote the part of Pegeen Mike in "The Playboy of the Western World," was taken ill just before the company sailed and had to be left behind. Miss Allgood prefers tragic rôles to character ones, but it would be hard, after seeing her in "Hyacinth Halvey," to say that she cannot do funny things as well as highly serious parts. One might travel far to meet anything more deliciously humorous than her face as she peeps out of the window, over her post office in the village of Cloon, and exclaims as she hears the telegraph clicking in the shop: "And sure, how can I go down there now, when I'm neither dressed nor undressed?"

Eileen O'Doherty, who plays the mother in T. C. Murray's poignant "Birthright," is another actress whose art is so utterly free from artifice that one gets, as one watches her, the impression of having happened upon a cross-section of actual Irish life to-day. The theme of this piece is peculiarly Irish, and this little mother, with her plaid shawl drawn tightly over her narrow shoulders, dominates the situation as all good mothers, however yielding they seem, must always do in a home whose sons love her. The brown mare, who has broken a leg in the barn, has to be shot, as the play proceeds, and one feels, with the little old woman in the tightly-drawn shawl. *(Continued on page ix)*

MME. SIMONE, THE DISTINGUISHED FRENCH ACTRESS, IN A CHARACTERISTIC ATTITUDE

A Negligée Chat with Madame Simone

THERE is an impression that Mme. Simone, upon whose shoulders the mantle of Bernhardt is slipping, and who will also, it is predicted, don the dramatic robe of Réjane in more or less good time, is an unschooled actress. Never was made a greater mistake; never have I met a woman who seemed so thoroughly and sufficiently schooled.

In a leaf-green lounging robe of silk, with silken cords swaying from it as careless vines toss from a tree-trunk in a light wind, a well-schooled body rested against the background of a pink satin, gilt-mounted sofa. Above a heavy Duchesse collar, that spread cape-like to her shoulders, rose, upon a throat that was strong and sinewy, rather than round and full, a well-schooled head, one poised with becoming erectness, a head that, it would seem, had done little of drooping or hanging. The head was wound round and round by flat bands of chestnut hair, worn low upon the forehead, and out of this frame looked the face, more schooled than all the rest, a face that had something of Egyptian suggestion in it, that charmed with the ancient lure of the Sphinx, the charm of inscrutableness. The eyes, deep set under a full brow, said no more nor less than the owner wished. The lips told only so much as they were permitted. The voice, light, high, perfectly modulated, responded to her will. Though wearied from rehearsals, it was as obedient as they to her dominance. One had always the sense of a brain in command, a brain reinforced by a tremendous will.

She told me in what school she was trained while Chochotte, a white Pomeranian flecked with brown, wearing a pink ribbon necklace, sat beside her and challenged the visitor, with black, inquisitive eyes and pointed, impertinent nose. Chochotte is twelve years old, a veteran from the standpoint of a dog, and an older member of Mme. Simone's household than even her husband, the son of the late French President.

"They say," she began, with the ever-ready smile of the French woman, "that I was successful from the first, and without a lesson in dramatic art. They said my performance in 'Le Détour' in Paris was the inspired work of a society woman who knew instinctively what to do, who needed no teaching. How foolish! On the contrary, I had played for eighteen months in the

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FRITZI SCHEFF

Now appearing in the title rôle of "The Duchess" at the Herald Square Theatre

Provinces before I made by début in Paris, and I had studied for five hours every day for two years. At first I would go about Paris, shopping, calling, attending receptions and teas and luncheons, doing the thousand and one things a woman who is supposed to do nothing must do. I would have been out all afternoon and evening and come home at one in the morning. Then I would study until six. I worked with my voice, at first wearing my corsets. Then I found how impossible they are, and, like Sarah Bernhardt, I threw them away. I had noticed how actresses I knew would read a speech half through, then were abandoned by their own voices, and uttered strange little squeaks, seemingly from the chin. I determined to overcome that, and I did. "Then I tried to portray emotion. I felt hatred and depicted it, love and indicated it, annoyance and denoted it, fear and displayed it."

"Before a mirror?" I prompted.

"Never before a mirror," she responded. "My postures and gestures would then have become too mechanical. I would have become conscious of myself. Without the mirror I seemed to myself an impersonal medium of all the emotions, and tried to make myself their supple instrument. You have in your face the question, 'How did you know when you denoted correctly an emotion?' Ah, I knew! The body is sensitive. It tells you whether you are correctly registering. It told me I wept too much. I controlled myself. That is a matter of the will.

"I worked always alone. I was then the wife of Le Bargy, the actor. An excellent actor, too, but entirely different from me. He was of the classic school. I am considered to be of the modern, ultra-natural school. When I am on the stage I cross my legs. I put my hands to my face. I touch my hair. These things one should not do. Yet I do them off the stage and so on the stage.

"Besides, when Sarah Bernhardt heard me read some verses and said to my husband: 'She must go on the stage—you must teach her,' he said: 'I will not,' and he kept his word. I am glad now that he did not. It made me more determined. I resolved, and what I resolved I do."

The chin abutting from the thin, smiling, mysterious face, bespoke resolution. The lips even in their ready smile bespoke it.

"And this schooling of which we speak, this preparation, began long before I had married M. Le Bargy. It began in an excellent education afforded me by my parents. I believe that an actress should be a cultivated woman. I made my début in a play by Bernstein, a powerful realist. I played Andromache, a classique, and I played the Hen Pheasant in 'Chantecler.' My last play was 'Vieil Homme,' by Georges de Porte Riche. To play such variety of parts one must be able to comprehend the author's meaning. She must know languages, mythology, history, and life. And yet I do not believe in the training as given now at our Conservatoire. Its pupils begin too early, at sixteen or seventeen. They do not know life. We cannot portray what we do not know. I think it much better to have lived first, then translate what we know of life into terms of the stage.

"I have learned much by watching the methods of other players. I go twenty or thirty times to see Mme. Bernhardt when she puts on a new play. I watch others whom I admire. I say to myself: 'Ah! This is the way they do that.' This is an excellent way to learn the mechanics of an art, to watch artists at work."

Deftly Mme. Simone avoided a comparison of the French with the American stage.

"I do not know any American actors except those who are rehearsing with me. But I notice that they catch an idea instantly and execute it quickly, and with keen intelligence."

Which is a very good beginning for the professions of enthusiastic admiration European artists have prepared us to expect. Her next remark revealed how levelly her Egyptian-like head is set upon her graceful shoulders.

"Chance and luck have played a great part in my life. I do not believe in fate. Oh, no! Chance, yes. It was by chance that I have come to America. Three years ago I met Mr. Tyler in Paris. He said to me, 'You should come to America.' I said, 'You are too kind,' and gave it no more thought except to say that Monsieur Tyler is very polite. I had then a three years' contract with Guitry. Mr. Tyler had said, 'Go on with your English, so that when you come to America you can speak fluently.'"

"Which you do," I interjected, and Mme. Simone made the response she had made three years before to the manager of the Century Theatre.

Matzene

FRANCES STARR

Now appearing in a new play by Edward J. Locke entitled "The Case [illegible]

"I was about to sign a contract with Pierre Wolff, the dramatist, to appear in his play. I was to sign the contract the next evening. That morning came a contract from Mr. Tyler. I went to Mr. Wolff and said: 'If you insist that I appear in your play, I will do so, but I should like to go to America. It would be an interesting experience.' He was most courteous, and I came. It was chance that I married Le Bargy, chance that he happened to be an actor, chance that I saw much of the stage and became an amateur critic of its methods, and so more and more interested.

"And luck? O, yes, I believe in luck. I have been very lucky. I have been on the stage nine years and had nine plays. In each I have played the principal woman's part; each play has lasted for a year. Others might have worked as hard as I, but never had the luck to get the right part or the right play."

"You do not believe that there is a force within that pushes one on to the work that is for her?"

"Not unless one is a genius, and that I am not. I have talent, energy and ambition. Genius is more than that."

"You speak of ambition. May one ask what your ambition is?"

"It is to prove that tragedy can be played with restraint and be effective, more effective than it is rendered in the strut and swagger fashion. I want to play tragedy *à la Simone,* which is, after all, *au naturel.*"

While the autumn dusk began to settle about us, tinging the pink room with gray, we drifted from the mighty topic of the drama to another mighty theme—woman. M. Casimir-Perier had come quietly into the room, and sat, a smiling *élégant,* listening to and clearly admiring his gifted wife.

"If I had to choose between my happiness as a woman and my success as an actress I wouldn't hesitate for one moment. I should be the woman and choose my happiness."

Was she interested in the feministe movement?

She reflected, lacing and unlacing the slim fingers of her small, white hands.

"In the large sense, yes," she replied at last. "I believe that a woman should ever be womanly. But the feministe movement is so mixed up with absurdities. We hear that we must get along without men." She laughed and flung an eloquent glance at her husband. "But a woman can't get along without men. That is ridiculous. That she should make the most of her individuality and cultivate her brain I profoundly believe."

"You think her brain should rule in all the crises of her life?"

"I think there need be no conflict between brain and heart. They are entirely separate, each with its own domain."

The slender, smiling, boyish son of a former President of France kissed his wife's hand, bowed to me, and departed for a twilight walk in Central Park.

Mme. Simone told me how women who are frail and febrile like herself, yet, like herself, work prodigiously, keep the flame of life burning high.

"I have taught myself not to waste my strength on useless things," said she. "When you have gone I shall go to bed. It is half-past six. I shall stay there until time to get up and go to rehearsals to-morrow at noon. I shall have my dinner in bed, and shall lunch in bed. I might go over to that desk and write letters. I might arrange the flowers. I might walk about and look out of the window. I might try to transform this hotel room into home. I might play with my dog. None of these shall I do. They are useless things. I save my strength for the great things of life. Women who work hard should adopt these rules of living:

"Don't waste strength on useless things.

"Never talk of troubles until they are settled."

ADA PATTERSON.

Dramatic Preferences

Manhattan:	"The Isle of Champagne."
Philadelphia:	"The Land of Nod."
Sioux Falls:	"The Great Divide."
Louisville:	"Ten Nights in a Barroom."
Columbus:	"1492."
Newport:	"Aristocracy."
Reno:	"Divorçons."
Niagara Falls:	"The Tourists."
Tuskegee:	"The Nigger."
Utah:	"Alice-Sit-by-the-Fire."
Alton:	"The Only Way."
Pittsburg:	"The Little Millionaire."
Bangor, Me.:	"'Way Down East."
Gettysburg:	"The Battle."
Detroit:	"Speed."
Hades:	"A Hole in the Ground."
Lexington:	"In Old Kentucky."
Minneapolis and St. Paul:	"The Rivals."
Baltimore:	"Heart of Maryland."

STUART B. STONE.

Byron, N. Y. Edward H. Robins Edmund Breese Hans Robert Ben Johnson Ralph Delmore Muriel Starr Fay Wallace

Act III. Porter Kingsley (Ben Johnson): "You offered me a thousand times that amount!"

SCENE IN ISAAC LANDMAN'S NEW PLAY, "A MAN OF HONOR," AT WEBER'S THEATRE

Photos White — Edna Baker, Ethel Von Waldron: Myrza asks not to be sent away. Edgar Selwyn, Edna Baker: Jamil ordered to carry the basket. Mission Children: Noon hour at the Mission

SCENES IN EDGAR SELWYN'S ORIENTAL PLAY, "THE ARAB," AT THE ASTOR THEATRE

America the Melting Pot of the Stars

THERE is no danger of a Turkish invasion of the American theatre, and the Polish or Danish influence is not likely to make itself felt before American footlights; but there are a Turk, a Pole, and a Dane, as well as the representatives of several other nationalities who have risen to stellar prominence on the stage of this country. This is, perhaps, not remarkable in a land that has become the melting pot for the fusing of the races, but compared to the scant recognition accorded foreigners on the stages of other countries, the condition here becomes geographically and historically unique. America has always been most democratic in this matter. The custom of receiving English entertainers with evidences of affection, as well as artistic admiration, long ago established a precedent for the horde of actors who visit America every year and also paved the way for the spectacular careers in this country of such stars as Helena Modjeska, the Pole, and Francesca Janauschek, the Bohemian, both of whom were such cosmopolites as to belong to the great world of art, irrespective of geographical boundaries.

Armstrong — Flora Zabelle (Armenian); Bangs — Alla Nazimova (Russian); Reutlinger — Anna Held (Polish)

FOREIGN ACTRESSES WHO HAVE MADE FORTUNES ON THE AMERICAN STAGE

It is notable, however, that after stellar careers abroad, each of them ventured into American territory as an experiment, later in life studied the English language diligently, and finally called America home, becoming definitely associated with the stage of this country.

The history of Janauschek has been duplicated in all essential details in recent years by Madam Alla Nazimova, who first came to New York with a company of Russian players. There was something about her personality and art that attracted admirers from Broadway to the theatre in the Bowery, where she played the Norwegian characters of Ibsen and the other cold-blooded authors of the European north. Nothing, unless possibly the rude theatricals of the Orient, could have been more exotic to American theatre-goers, yet Alla Nazimova gained new friends with each performance. This great democracy of art rallied to support her when she first announced her intention to learn the English language, that she might become more intelligible; and when, after a remarkably brief period, she had conquered some of the Ibsen characters in English and appeared on Broadway, she was immediately received into the big family of American artists, and is now everywhere recognized as one of our own, although in reality she is a foreign flower in alien soil, quite as much so as a Chicago actress, for example, would be upon the stage of St. Petersburg.

The theatre in European countries is an institution stamped indelibly with nationality. Each country has its own "school of acting." What is praised and enjoyed in Germany is not to the liking of the French. The Italian "school" is as far apart as the two poles from that in favor at Copenhagen and Stockholm. With opera it is a vastly different matter. Generally speaking, there are only

a few pre-eminently great singers; they must travel around the world, and "seasons" are arranged in various countries for their accommodation. But the drama is stamped with certain prejudices that, like the laws of Medes and Persians, cannot be changed. The people resent intrusion by foreigners who cannot easily subscribe to their artistic demands. Futile will be the search of European capitals for an American actress, outside of the operas, who has abandoned her native language for the foreign, and who has been as acceptable to continental peoples as to her own. Yet there are dozens of foreign-born women on the American stage in various capacities who have accomplished that seemingly impossible feat. Several of them have risen to stellar prominence and tour the country annually, meeting with as cordial reception as could possibly be accorded to a native daughter.

This proves not only the democratic and cosmopolitan taste of the American audience, but also that this country possesses the most interesting stage in the world, because it has slowly and carefully gleaned from all of the others just what American people desire.

Anna Held, recognized as one of America's most successful stars in musical comedy, is a native of Poland. She appeared with Jacob Adler at small theatres in London, later went to Paris, and then came to America, where she speedily caught public fancy by a clever blending of Parisian chic and American whimsicality; and to-day she is considered an American actress, abroad as well as at home, because she has met with greater artistic and financial success here than perhaps any vaudeville or musical comedy star abroad.

White

EDNA BAKER
Lately seen as Mary Hilbert in "The Arab"

Flora Zabelle, wife of Raymond Hitchcock, the comedian, is one of two Armenian actresses who have gained recognition outside of their own country. The other is in Paris, and her popularity is not in any way comparable to that of Miss Zabelle. The daughter of Mangaras Mangasarian, now a resident of Chicago, Miss Zabelle was born on the banks of the Euphrates river, and spent the early years of her life in a small village, from where she went to Constantinople before coming to America. Perhaps there is in this country no better example of the quick transformation and evolution of woman than this beautiful Oriental comedienne. For several years after Miss Zabelle's birth, her mother wore the veil; her relatives still adhere rigidly to this and similar customs, looking to man as their lord and master, and content to remain in semi-captivity, having their friends among the women of neighboring harems. But within a period of fifteen years, Miss Zabelle has not only discarded the veil, received an English education and married a Yankee comedian, but she has become an actress herself and attained to the distinction of joint star with her husband in such typically American confections as the musical comedies devised by Mr. George M. Cohan.

News of her progress reached her foreign rela-

White

ESTHER BISSETT
Seen in Chicago in a farce entitled "Dear Old Billy"

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BILLIE BURKE, NOW APPEARING IN A NEW COMEDY BY PIERRE VEBER, CALLED "THE RUNAWAY"

Photo White

EMILIE LEA

American solo dancer now appearing with the Folies Bergère company on the road

tives, and at one time threw them into a state of panic. When she reached the age of twenty without having become a wife, her Turkish aunts wrote a letter compassionately and apologetically declaring that, although she had so far forgotten herself as to appear on the stage of the theatre, unveiled and before barbarians, they had arranged with an Armenian youth who was willing to marry her, and who would start for America immediately upon the receipt of a favorable reply. Soon afterwards she was married to Mr. Hitchcock, and, while they have no sympathy with her histrionic ambitions, her relatives in Turkey have expressed a willingness to "see" the American husband, if she ever decides to introduce him, but he will never be able to see them.

Adeline Genée is a Dane, and cannot be claimed as an American or an English woman, although she spends the greater part of each season here and has danced her way into favor with American audiences. Descended from a family of dancers, and equipped with the best traditions of her art, she reached America by way of phenomenal London success, and was immediately received here, not as a foreigner, but as one who was entitled to a permanent and prominent place on the roster of American stars.

Olga Nethersole is an English woman by birth, and in private life is a resident of London, but many years have passed since she appeared on the London stage, devoting her professional activities entirely to America, and she has enjoyed greater popularity here than elsewhere, although she has appeared in many countries where she was received and recognized as a luminary of the American rather than of the British stage to which she belongs.

Fritzi Scheff, the daughter of an opera singer at Vienna, first visited this country as a principal at the Metropolitan in New York. She soon appreciated the opportunities in American operetta, however, became a popular favorite, married an American, and finally has become an American star, making annual tours of the country. Her foreign birth and her early career abroad are almost forgotten to-day, and she is accepted throughout the land as a native daughter.

So on and on the list might be extended to include German, Yiddish, Swedish, Norwegian and even Finnish actresses who have been cordially received in the American theatre, and finally recognized as a contributing force in its evolution and progress. Many conditions have contributed to this foreign invasion of our stage. The fact cannot be overlooked that salaries paid to entertainers in this country are much larger than abroad. The dramatic stars in the State theatres of Germany, for example, receive payment for their services that would not be acceptable to the mediocre vaudeville performer in America. There is perhaps more significant social prestige attaching itself to theatrical fame abroad, but this social recognition does not purchase country homes, automobiles, and other luxuries that are commonplaces with American actors.

It was not because Madam Schumann-Heink met with scant critical praise, or lacked noble decorations and attendant social honors, that she came to America, not only to sing in grand opera, but to tour the theatres of the country as a comic opera star, finally to become an American citizen and a resident of New Jersey. She declares frankly that she will never be able to repay the debt she owes America, not alone for enthusiastic praise of her art, but for the liberal payment for her services in the theatre and concert hall. She says she became an American because the people of this country enabled her to provide bountifully for her family and for her own comforts, whereas her native land would have rewarded her with rhetorical critiques, decorations, and invitations to dinner.

In many cases the financial reward and the longer season made possible by the vast number of American cities, where drama is a part of the national life, have been the chief magnet in drawing foreign stars to this country.

There are many additional reasons why they have preferred to remain here. Like a flower that thrives best under the intense sunlight in the hothouse, the dramatic star is capable of her best efforts in an atmosphere of enthusiasm and loyalty, which are characteristic of the American audience in Maine, Texas, or Idaho. Railway facilities for the constantly moving caravan of the theatre are superior in America. Life in American hotels is vastly more enjoyable than in Europe, outside of a few metropolitan cities in each country.

There is greater possibility for advancement here, and American popularity is a thing much sought for by European artists. Once attained, it is eagerly grasped and held firmly, which finally results into adoption into the ever increasing theatrical family and abandonment of Europe.

ARCHIE BELL.

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BLANCHE RING

This vivacious, popular comedienne is now appearing in a new musical comedy called "The Wall Street Girl"

White Harry Tansey Henry Kolker Ruth Chatterton
Act II. Tristan (Harry Tansey): "We've got a dog whose name is Wotan"

White Henry Kolker Lizzie Hudson Collier
Act III. Mrs. Hofer, Sr. (Miss Collier): "You are too nervous—leave it all to us"

SCENES IN JAMES CLARENCE HARVEY'S PLAY, "THE GREAT NAME," AT THE LYRIC THEATRE

Dangerous Plays

IN the light of the comparatively recent revival of "Caste," it seems incredible that fifty years ago Robertson's plays were considered "dangerous," so dangerous that no established manager would touch them. Shades of the plays produced in America in the last twenty-five years! Compared with our fathers and our grandfathers, how inured we are to danger!

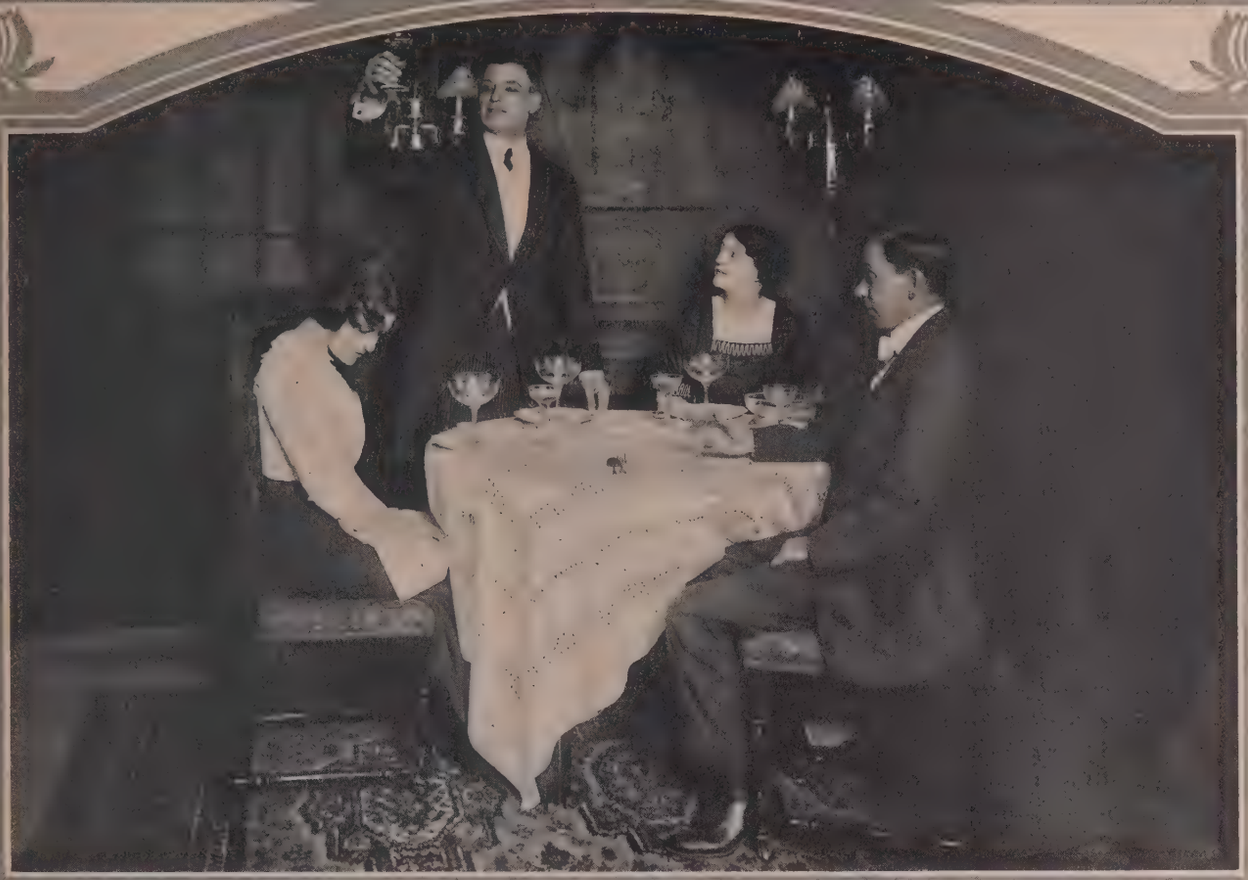
It is true that when he finally got a hearing there was a public for Robertson even in his own day. It was evident, when it was produced, that society at large did not fear "Society," though some of the moralists, most of the actors, and all the managers did. Naturally enough, too, for people who break things—particularly old, familiar things—are usually resented. Justice has been done Robertson, the iconoclast. The analogy between his service to the drama and Ibsen's has been pointed out, but Robertson, the explorer, has had few tributes. Christopher Columbus had to get over the towering barrier of tradition, to go against the evidence of men's senses to his goal across the unknown sea. Robertson's task was hardly less difficult. Englishmen do not fear unknown seas, but they do fear, and violently resist, intrusions into their privacy. The Turk does not guard his harem more jealously than the Englishman his home. The charm of England lies largely in its decent reserves, the mystery of its gardens, the seclusion of its backyards. Robertson discovered and made his countrymen follow him into new dramatic fields, fields within their own sacred precincts, to reach which they found it was necessary to climb the neighbor's, their own garden walls, to look through each other's windows. Naturally training and prejudice cried out against such intrusions—"People would not stand it!"—but they did (though not until it was too late to do Robertson much good!), and they found it not such a dangerous field—modern realism—after all. Indeed some people, noticeably our theatrical managers, have found it so homely that now they are loath to adventure in the more hazardous realm of romance, in spite of the growing desire for romantic drama. The world is always young, though men grow middle-aged and old, and youth turns to romance as flowers to light. In our teens we crave romantic realism, later realistic romance, which is a roundabout way of saying that few of us ever grow really old, though we do outgrow our terrors — Robertson's plays, for instance. Why is it that a play is a wolf to-day, a lamb to-morrow? A wolf to one man, a sheep for the shearing to another? What is a dangerous play?

It certainly would be amusing, possibly instructive, and probably exciting, if a jury made up of a critic, a moralist, a manager, a dramatist, an actor, and for the sake of the argument, a School Girl, a Tired Business Man, and a Thoughtful Woman, were obliged to agree on a definition of a dangerous play. And if, like the animals in the ark, there were two of each sort (the possibilities of pairs of rival contemporaries are endlessly stimulating!), and if the said jury were denied all nourishment but the aforesaid bone of contention, what would be the chances of their ever returning a unanimous verdict?

What would they say of Percy MacKaye's delightful "Anti-Matrimony"? What of the old stand-by, "Camille"? Judging by its perennial reappearance, actors and managers consider "Camille" perfectly innocuous. Moralists might possibly object to it on the score of its sentimentality, though, provided it is sufficiently sugar-coated, it is amazing what the most highly moral will swallow without being visibly affected.

What is a dangerous play? A play that makes people think, or a play that does not make people think? A play that does the thinking for the audience? A play that requires not an audience but merely spectators? Imported plays? A play by a new American playwright? A play that does not fill the theatre?

Scenes in George Broadhurst's New Play "Bought and Paid For"



Photos by White

Julia Dean Charles Richman Marie Nordstrom Frank Craven
Act I. Robert Stafford (Mr. Richman) toasts his future bride

Julia Dean Marie Nordstrom
Act II. Virginia (Miss Dean) tells her sister she is afraid of Robert

Frank Craven Marie Nordstrom
Act IV. James Gilley (Mr. Craven) has a plan

Poetic drama? Problem plays? Probably no one would deny that an immoral play is dangerous, but no one would be mad enough to make such a statement for fear of setting at large the hydra-headed question behind it.

In discussing dangerous plays, it is better to consider only the self-respecting forms of drama, leaving the prodigals — vaudeville, pure melodrama, musical comedy, extravaganza, and closet drama—to their fatted calves. They are a menace if only because they, at their unrepentant worst, receive the greatest material rewards. Poetic drama, however, while it is an outcast, hardly deserves to be classed with the prodigals; it is really the family skeleton. Requiescat! The sooner it is safely interred in the closet the better, for it is not drama at all—it does not "stand the test of performance."

A play that does not fill the house would undoubtedly be considered a dangerous play by managers and by actors, and the dramatists would probably be agreed with their natural enemies on this point, for if a play does not fill the house it is shelved, and that means the end of the playwright's artistic life, for plays, like music, are practically dead in manuscript.

Last spring Charles Frohman made this statement in print:

"Of all misleading statements in discussion of the drama, the saying, 'What the Public Wants,' is the worst offender. What is the Public? There is a public for Francis Wilson in farce, and within four blocks there is a public for Otis Skinner in romantic comedy. There is another public for musical comedy, and still another for such dramas as 'The Faith Healer.' Let us confess also that there have been publics for plays which decent men and women must deplore. There are as many publics as there are seats in a theatre. But from the point of view of the manager who accepts the responsibility which the influences of his productions put upon him, the public is that great body of healthful-minded men and women who make up the average of what Lincoln called the 'plain people.' What this public wants it may safely be trusted to have. Neither art nor morals will suffer."

If managers recognize the fact that there is an infinite variety of audiences, why do most of them—and particularly managers of stock companies—cater to the less desirable publics? Why do they overlook the fact that while one kind of play will fill the house another would fill it to overflowing, because it would draw both the discriminating and the indiscriminate public. Why play to an East Lynne-Thelma audience, when it is possible to draw a "What-Every-Woman-Knows" house? When the public wants sweets, why not offer "Trelawney of the Wells" instead of the creaking "Bachelor's Romance"? Why not—for fun—sometimes give Wilde's inimitable "The Importance of Being Earnest," which delights not only the critics but also the schoolgirls, who pronounce it "screamingly funny"? Why not give "Miss Hobbes" instead of "Girls" (which is merely a conglomeration of bits of business, frankly improbable in plot and unnecessarily coarse), when a modern version of "The Taming of the Shrew" is wanted? Or do stock companies prefer to play to audiences of vulgar women, gum-chewing clerks, and chocolate-devouring children—audiences utterly unleavened by people of good taste and discrimination?

White

MARY NASH
Who plays Wanda Kelly in "The Woman" at the Republic

To return to the bone of contention! Is a dangerous play the play that makes people think, or the play that does not make them think? Powerful as he is, detestable stumbling block that he is to all but "paying" plays, the plight of the modern manager is almost pitiable. He has a feeling (a conviction, since the success of "The Witching Hour") that the public wants plays of ideas. "But what ideas?" he puzzles. "Can it be that the public is tired of 'the dear old triangle'? That the jack-in-the-box play has lost its charm? That people no longer care to see it, will no longer watch sympathetically for two or three hours the struggle of a lovely and faultlessly dressed lady to keep the lid down on an incorrigible past, that in spite of the most heroic efforts on her part to suppress it, will pop up and display a hideous visage to a fascinated and shuddering world?" His dilemma is likely to increase the number of imported plays: it is much safer to produce a play that has succeeded abroad than to make experiments at home.

New York City is already a dramatic "melting-pot," and drama, always the most universal of the fine arts in the sense of being the most potent—having the widest appeal—and the earliest,—appearing in the dances of primitive races and in the games and mimicry of children,—shows a tendency to become as universal as human nature itself, and quite overstep, in one direction, the bounds of section and of nation: the brotherhood of the drama seems much more imminent than the brotherhood of man, and, unlike the latter, a consummation undesired and unexpected.

The wholesale importation of plays may partly account for the fact that so far the American output is insignificant—insignificant not only in quantity but also in quality—though this is a country of theatre-goers of all sorts, from the most discriminating to the perfectly unsophisticated in the first flush of "natural ignorance," —a happy but evanescent state, according to Lady Bracknell. You remember, in the first act of "The Importance of Being Earnest," her—"I disapprove of anything that tampers with natural ignorance. Ignorance is a delicate, exotic fruit; touch it and the bloom is gone." How she must have condemned the theatre, whether we like it or not, one of the greatest discouragers of ignorance, natural or acquired, of all the social forces of the day.

Managers constantly complain that the American playwrights "have not made good." It is true that we have few great playwrights. That is partly because while every man, woman, and child in this country is writing, has written, or is about to write a play, few write more than three plays—the risks are so great, the art so very long. Didn't it take Shakespeare ten years to learn it? And after he has mastered the technique of playwriting, a dramatist cannot hope to write more than one play a year (Ibsen thought two years to a play the better interval), and he cannot afford failures. The art is certainly long, and in most of us persistency is the unknown quantity. But worst of all, people seem to argue: a poet is a writer, a dramatist is a writer, therefore a poet is a dramatist; a novelist is a story teller, a playwright is a story teller, therefore a novelist is a playwright. A

White

Margaret Anglin H. Reeves Smith

Act II. Col. J. N. Smith (H. Reeves Smith): "The Colonel wished you to have it to remember him by"

SCENE IN A. E. W. MASON'S COMEDY, "GREEN STOCKINGS," PRESENTED AT THE THIRTY-NINTH STREET THEATRE

canoeist would not undertake to sail a yacht because he was skillful with the paddle, a yachtsman would not consider himself capable of handling a battleship because he could manage a yacht, nor would a traveller take command of an ocean liner on the strength of his sea legs, his reputation of being "a good sailor," but anyone who can hold a pen feels therefore qualified to steer the difficult ship Drama to fame and fortune. It is a fairly obvious fact that learning to handle his craft, while it is more than half the struggle, is not enough to insure a playwright against the possibility of shipwreck in the practically uncharted channel between the writing table and success in the theatre. There are rocks to avoid—the commercialized manager, the conventionalized stage manager,—and dangerous, unsuspected reefs and shoals on which many a good ship has gone aground—the actors—to reckon with.

Next to ignorance of the A B C's of playwriting, nothing has been more pernicious than the superstition that drama, like Wegg, ought to "drop into poetry" on important occasions, and the willingness of the Boffin public to pay extra for the favor. We are slowly becoming reconciled to the passing of the blank verse, iambic pentameter drama. We have seen, for one thing, that it does not necessarily mean the atrophy of the modern imagination, as people feared it would. Elaboration of scenery, while it has eliminated descriptive passages in plays, has not resulted in general obliviousness to nature. After all, like the little girls in "Alice-Sit-by-the-Fire," we go to the theatre not to see nature but "Life," and in real life people do not rhapsodize at length about the scenery, or, indeed, about anything. We are not so very fluent at our shallowest, and, when stirred to our depths, we are apt to express ourselves in very rudimentary ways, if we express ourselves at all.

But what is the use of learning that drama need not necessarily be Shakespearian if we require it to be Ibsenian instead? Sometimes one sympathizes with Mr. Shaw's railings against "bardolatry." But there is no need of Ibsen's greatness having the withering effect on our generation of playwrights that Shakespeare's had on those who followed him. Our critics (particularly Mr. George Pierce Baker, of Harvard University, the first to offer a course in playwriting in any college),—our critics have increasing understanding of the nature and function of the drama, and by illuminating analysis of the plays, and by keen appreciations and depreciations of the playwrights of the past and of those who are writing to-day, by pointing out the problems of our playwrights and the lessons the great masters of the drama have for the dramatist of any day, are at least training up an intelligent theatrical public, a most vital service if it is true, as most agree, that drama, like a democracy, can never rise much above the average public. The most universal of the fine arts is also the most democratic, and like a government of the people, by the people, for the people, rises or falls with the people: if they are low, it is corrupt.

To go back to "the last remark but one," the great dramatists of the past teach us first of all that the secret of their greatness lies in their non-conformity to tradition and in their conformity to their inevitable limitations—the theatre, the stage, of their own day, and the nature and need of their own public. Take Ben Jonson and Shakespeare, for instance. Jonson missed greatness because he slavishly followed the Aristotelian tradition. Aristotle phrased some rules that held good for his own day, some of which hold for the drama of any day, but all of which do not necessarily hold for all drama of every day, as Shakespeare proved by breaking all but one—not wantonly, but because the Globe Theatre was so radically different from the theatre of Dionysius, because London was not Athens, the sixteenth century Englishman not a Greek. It is only in the past thirty years that people have realized that Shakespeare did not write like Sophocles—or like Seneca, the idol of literary Elizabethans,—for the same reason that strawberries do not grow in marshes, or iris in sand. It would be tremendously interesting to know whether Shakespeare deliberately or instinctively rejected the classic formula for one indigenous to the Bankside. He certainly considered his soil. He had to do hack writing to give the public what it wanted, but he never truckled to it, he

A Memory of the Chorus

She stood at the end of a row of girls—
  It's a good ten years ago—
And laughed as she sang some foolish song
  In a long-dead Broadway show.

I singled her out from the rest that night
  And I watched her flower-like face.
She brought me a thought of woodland nymphs
  To that tawdry, tinsel place.

As fresh as the scent of a wild red rose
  In a setting so uncouth.
She danced with the careless joy of life
  And the innocence of youth.

The years that have gone since I saw her smile—
  Did they bring her wealth and fame?
Or sweep her away in devious paths?
  (Why, I never knew her name!)

I only recall that she crossed my way
  And she set my heart aglow.
For Pippa passed by that night, my friends,
  In a long-dead Broadway show!

ANNE PEACOCK.

As Sir Toby Belch in "Twelfth Night"

In private dress

As Caliban in "The Tempest"

Photos Bangs

STUDIES IN "MAKE UP" AS PRESENTED BY SIDNEY GREENSTREET, SHAKESPEARIAN ACTOR, WHO IS NOW APPEARING IN "SPEED"

Sir Herbert Tree as Macbeth — Mr. Arthur Bourchier as Macduff

Macbeth's encounter with Macduff

In Macbeth, says the *Illustrated London News*, Sir Herbert Tree has added a very notable figure to the long list of Shakespearian characters he has played. His conception of the brave yet fearful Scot is, to use his own words, "not that of the traditional bloodthirsty murderer, but as the man in whom is fought out the struggle between ambition and conscience. . . . Macbeth, at moments in his great introspection, with its suggestion of Hamlet philosophy, seems to be in the hands of a force beyond both his moral and mental strength. What manner of man he is becomes apparent as he passes through his fiery ordeal." The manner in which Sir Herbert Tree embodies this reading of Macbeth's character constitutes a remarkably powerful piece of acting

SCENE IN BEERBOHM TREE'S SPECTACULAR PRODUCTION OF "MACBETH" AT HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE, LONDON

gave it better plays than it demanded, better than anyone dreamed possible, at once gratifying and refining his audience, and won such dazzling success that even until late in the nineteenth century he was regarded by nearly everyone as "an alarming meteor" in the dramatic heavens. Thanks to Ibsen—and to Robertson—Shakespeare is no longer considered alarming or abnormal, but a "bright planet in our firmament," a north star to playwrights, as Mr. Baker has shown in his book, "The Development of Shakespeare as a Dramatist."

Another significant lesson for our playwrights, from a comparison of Shakespeare and Ben Jonson, is this—though both were realists (It is true that Shakespeare began as a romanticist, but he "swung the circle like the rest of humanity"), Jonson despised human nature and Shakespeare did not, and Jonson missed greatness. The great are never sordid nor, in the deepest sense, local.

Thirdly, Jonson economized in situation, the proteid of the drama, and Shakespeare did not. He always gave the public a full meal, and one it could digest. Closet dramatists, noticeably Shelley, usually offer single mouthfuls—sometimes only a bit of Roquefort,—and wonder why the hungry public is not satisfied.

One reason why Ibsen will not hold the stage as Shakespeare has, is the unrelieved intensity of his work. For example, take "Rosmersholm," a play that is marvelously concentrated. Critics grow positively lyric over its technical excellence, but people do not particularly care for it, even with Mrs. Fiske as Rebecca West: they find it too unrelieved, and the exposition so condensed that it is difficult to follow it if one is unfamiliar with the printed play. "O the public! If it cannot appreciate Art, so much the worse for it!"—and for the artist.

Looking squarely at the risks, is it strange that our ablest men do not write for the theatre? For one thing, a play is seldom produced as it is written, sometimes fortunately for the author when he is not a man of the theatre, and is unable to make the

most effective use of his material, but oftener with results that are disheartening to the artist who sees his conception mutilated by a manager whose heart is in the box office.

All managers believe that there are certain bits of business and "safe" situations that will carry any play. The success of "Girls" would seem to justify this faith. Nothing but bits of business. It, of course, includes the favorite—to have the heroine do up her hair, a device that grew to be a habit with Clyde Fitch. He resorted to it twice in "Her Sister." Maugham used it in "Lady Frederick" not as mere stuffing, but legitimately, to produce his climax. Mr. Baker, in one of his lectures, traced this particular stage trick back to its innovator, Webster, and showed how he used it in "The Duchess of Malfi" in a masterly way to intensify the horror of the situation—the murder of the duchess—by showing her complete unconsciousness of her danger. "The scene is her bed chamber. She sits before a mirror brushing her hair and talking cheerfully to her waiting woman and with Antonio, to whom she has been clandestinely married. To tease her they steal away and leave her talking, as she thinks, to them. The audience, knowing from the previous act that her brother has heard of her lover, and has procured false keys to her apartment, intending to find out that very night what truth there was in the rumor of her lover, anticipates Ferdinand's entrance at this point, and the tragedy which follows." It is safe to assume that the scene is unfamiliar because Webster's plays, though they contain some beautiful and memorable lines, are so unpleasant that no one reads them unless he is obliged to.

White

LILA RHODES AND GEORGE M. COHAN IN MR. COHAN'S NEW PLAY, "THE LITTLE MILLIONAIRE"

The screen scene of "The School for Scandal" is perhaps the favorite safe situation. We have had it, and more than fifty-seven varieties of it ever since 1777, and it has not yet palled. Barrie satirizes it irresistibly in "Alice-Sit-by-the-Fire," when he sends Alice's daughter to the Lieutenant's rooms to "save" her mother.

With a stock of resources, trite but tried, why make innovations? Let all plays end happily, even though the happy ending has been the undoing of more than one otherwise praiseworthy modern play. Think of "Leah Kleshna"—melodrama, but significant in the hands of Mrs. Fiske, John Mason, and George Arliss!—"Leah Kleshna" could not have ended happily; everyone knew it did not; even the press agents had misgivings, and spoke of the fifth act of the play as "the most important from a scenic standpoint, revealing a vista of lettuce fields steeped in sunshine, with the foreground shaded by a grove of apple trees." When the press agent finds nothing but the scenery to enthuse over, things are serious indeed. Not only from the critic's standpoint, but also from the moralists, and, sometimes, from the standpoint of the box office, it is dangerous to end every play happily. It really is too bad of him—not content with insisting on a happy ending to everything, the manager shields himself behind his Eve, the Public, with the old, old Adam excuse. It really is too bad of him to insist on a happy ending to everything. In certain moods one extracts exquisite satisfaction from good, old-fashioned tragedy that comes to a real finish. Since the discovery of the poignancy of modern tragedy, we cannot hope to revert to the old ideal that ends like an Italian puppet show in "general carnage," but there is a delightful finality about the last act of "Hamlet," for instance, that one looks back to sometimes with regret in these unanswerable questioning days. As the curtain descends between the heaped-up slain and the spectator, he gropes for his hat, saddened but satisfied, feeling that the playwright has dealt openly with him, that nothing has been withheld, and he goes home unpuzzled by "what happened next." Or he used to, but since Belasco opened up new possibilities in the last act of "The Darling of the Gods," showing the lovers united at the brink of the first celestial heaven a thousand years after their deaths on earth, the pistol shot has lost some of its conclusiveness. It is a question whether this innovation was the result of fidelity on Mr. Belasco's part to an artistic inspiration, or whether it is merely evidence of the extremes to which the modern manager's belief in the happy ending will lead him.

Some critics declare that the most dangerous play of all is the play that charms the young girl, that the reason why America has produced no drama of ideas comparable to that of the continent is that our audiences are made up largely of young girls, that the American theatre exists for the *jeune fille*, and until she is disregarded we shall have no thoughtful drama; but, as a matter of fact, the young girl is not considered at all. She is allowed to see the most unhappy adaptations from the German and from the French, the most sickly, vulgar

(*Continued on page vi*)

Scenes in Lew Field's Suffragette Play, "The Never Homes"

Photos Hall Artie Hall Vera Finlay Grace Gilbert Maude Gray Nan Brennan May Maloney
The Fire Captain (Miss Finlay) orders her dinner cooked

George Monroe as Patricia Flynn, the Chief of Police

Jess Dandy George W. Monroe
Herman dresses Patricia's hair

Chicago's Dramatic Season Opens with Éclat

White William Farnum Dustin Farnum
Lieut. Morrison (Dustin Farnum): "Go! My men are coming back"

Dustin Farnum Percy Haswell
Lieut. Morrison (Dustin Farnum): "I am sorry"

SCENES IN "THE LITTLEST REBEL," A DRAMA OF THE CIVIL WAR, BY EDWARD PEPLE

THE curtain has risen in Chicago with an unusually high percentage of "new productions." The works may be named, in the sequence of their production, as follows: "An Everyday Man," comedy, with Thomas W. Ross; "The Littlest Rebel," a "war-play," with Dustin and William Farnum; "Louisiana Lou," musical comedy, with Alexander Carr; "Uncle Sam," farce-comedy, with Thomas A. Wise and John Barrymore; "The Grain of Dust," a "book-play," with James K. Hackett, and "The Ladies' Lion," comic opera, with Jefferson De Angelis.

Of these, "The Littlest Rebel" takes precedence. It is a drama of the Civil War, by Edward Peple, developed from a short vaudeville sketch. The play makes no claim to literary distinction, but it gives the thrill in the spinal marrow and the choke in the throat that theatre-goers love. It is a blend of powder-smoke and honey—but it is palatable. A compound of theatric emotions — but it takes hold of the imagination like fire. Such is "The Littlest Rebel." And yet, with all its obviousness, here is that Fourth Dimension of the drama—a success without a love story! It has no concern with women or sweethearts. It is written about two great-hearted men impersonated with physical magnificence by Dustin and William Farnum; and an angel-child played with amazing skill by a lovely little prodigy named Mary Miles Minter. One man—William—is the harassed, pursued Confederate father; the other—Dustin—is the sword of the invaders' wrath. And of these enemies, Virgie, the winsome girl, makes brothers.

White MARY MILES MINTER
("The Littlest Rebel")

To prevent a possible seduction of the plot into the conventional "heart interest," the pretty Southern wife, mother of Virgie, is quietly sent to a better world than this, after the close of the first act. That done, the play really begins. The second act, originally the vaudeville sketch, is potent with the grip of good melodrama when Lieutenant-Colonel Morrison, U. S. A. (or Dustin Farnum), captures Captain Herbert Cary, C. S. A. (otherwise William Farnum), and is about to have him shot as a spy. Such were his orders, for Captain Cary's scouting activities had been a thorn in the Federal flesh. Then the pitiful plight of hungry, homeless, motherless, about-to-be fatherless Virgie moves the Union officer to a renunciation of his soldierly duty, and he writes a pass to "Virginia Cary and escort," which will insure their safe travel to Richmond.

The third act summons up the terrors of war, after a sentimental prelude again involving the two men and the child. A stretch of dusty road; a stone fence, and a fringe of white oaks. An affair between outposts is beginning, a company fight, a mere skirmish — not a battle of historic note. The Federals, led by the inevitable Morrison, trot by on the double-quick toward the sputter in the distant rifle-pits; dust darts up under stray bullets, dangerously near Virgie and her father, who are innocent bystanders; an occasional shell whines overhead. The column of blue uniforms retreats, whipped, but with a sting in its tail. Suddenly the rebel yell is lifted, and the boys in gray,

White Bernard Granville Alexander Carr Sophie Tucker
SCENE IN "LOUISIANA LOU" AT THE LA SALLE OPERA HOUSE, CHICAGO

Bernard Granville

Florence Nash

Eva Fallon

with the stars and bars flying, leap out in a wicked charge. Lieutenant-Colonel Morrison is caught trying to bring off the colors of his troop, but the fugitive Cary fights against his own comrades to save him—and then a whirl of sword-thrusts and a blaze of hell-let-loose bring down the curtain.

The episode is brief, simple in its staging, and yet fiendishly eloquent of that fratricidal conflict which is still so close to us from inherited, if not first-hand, memories. It is, moreover, subservient to the play itself, and not a blatant Luna Park panorama like the battle-scene in "The Round-Up." Happily, also, it is not tagged by a lame last act; the best part of the drama follows. The scene is Union headquarters, with William B. Mack playing General Grant plausibly enough. The two heroes are both prisoners now, and both under sentence of death—Cary still as a spy, and Morrison for having violated orders in releasing him. Grant is for sending them both out to a firing squad—until little Virgie is cross-examined. As she tells how her father had come home but once in a Federal uniform, and then only because he had to enter the Union lines to bury her mother—well, Grant himself, the "war machine," becomes mellow with emotion, even as the play and its audiences.

The dialogue is written in a somewhat operatic style, with, now and then, an aria of sentimental appeal, an idyll of child-talk, or a recitative of warlike patriotism; but much of Mr. Peple's enraptured eloquence may be forgiven for the sake of the gripping situations which he has devised. In regard to the acting, no extended comment is needed. The illusion is well maintained; the Farnum brothers, earnest and virile, find their soldierly rôles well adapted to their personalities; and Miss Minter is a jewel of a child, who never becomes trying, although she is compelled to force the repertory of juvenile appeal to its ultimate prattle.

Thomas W. Ross

Mary Quive

To turn from warfare to song-and-dance for a consideration of "Louisiana Lou." Here is the *dernier cri* of Chicago's talent in the manufacture of musical comedy for itself, and also the only strictly local production of the season thus far. This entertainment will be resident at its home theatre, the LaSalle, throughout the year, according to present omens; and it is listed in the shop-talk of the stage as a success which needs no prejudice of municipal pride in its favor. Indeed, it comes closer to Broadway standards of glitter and girls in musical comedy than anything that has worn the trademark of Chicago within recent memory. To this "smartness" of its enframement, "Louisiana Lou" adds the merit of a certain Western wholesomeness of sentiment and heartiness of mirth. Alexander Carr heads the cast in the rôle of a Jewish father, who has some moments of Warfieldian emotion, but who the rest of the time is a decidedly unusual character. Mr. Carr again proves himself a comedian (*Continued on page vii*)

Moffett James K. Hackett Frank Burbeck
SCENE IN "THE GRAIN OF DUST"

Scintillations of a Youthful Star

"I ENJOY life."

Douglas Fairbanks said this in extenuation, or in explanation, of his smile. I had told him that I encountered, as I made my way to the stage door, a woman acquaintance who said: "Ah! You are going to see the man with the smile?" The young star seemed not at all surprised at this characterization. How could he be when his smile has been his trade mark, the stamp upon his personality—that "personality" of which he is becoming weary, though his audiences are not? Sitting on his foot in characteristic boyish fashion before the desk in the star's dressing room at the Playhouse, his eyes shining like black brilliants, out of a strong-featured, sun-bronzed face, he told me that critics had heretofore talked about his personality.

"This time they've written about my acting," he said, the smile reappearing and remaining, "and I'm very much obliged to them."

We talked about the smile, and he gave the reason I have quoted. Then with one of the athletic, sweeping movements of his arm, that made me tremble for the frail, silver-mounted trinkets on the table, he grasped a photograph and handed it to me.

"My mother!" So he introduced the portrait of a stately woman with gentle yet firm features. "She's sixty-three. Doesn't look it, does she?" She didn't. Not within twenty years. He glanced at the telegram above the desk signed "Mother." "She has a smile that cheers up a fellow."

From smiles and enjoyment it was an easy stage to the subject of youth. The star with the strong youthful following makes no complaint, as I have heard many another starling do, of lack of years as a handicap.

"Youth is an asset, not only on the stage but everywhere else," he said. "People like to see young folks around wherever they are. At Watch Hill, in Connecticut, where we live during the summer, my companions are the young chaps about there in the first of the twenties. They seem to think I am as young as they are. As a matter of fact, I'm twenty-eight. I look older, especially at close range."

The casual observer might mistake him for thirty. That is, while he is silent. Everyone looks older when his features are in repose. But when the Fairbanks smile is turned on full power—the sudden, illuminating, sincere smile, which makes friends and keeps them,—and the black eyes sparkle with Fairbanks fun and enjoyment of living, the Fairbanks arms fling about in their vigorous fashion, the most casual might suppose him twenty-two. Youth is a dynamic state.

Individual impression swings, pendulum-like, from twenty-two back to thirty, when "A Gentleman of Leisure" looks at another large photograph on the desk. A young mother in a floating, lace-like gown is leaning over a sleeping child, looking at the round, sleeping face, smiling with mother pride and mother love. These are the other members of the House of Fairbanks—Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., aged twenty months.

Mr. Fairbanks went on the stage when he was eighteen, ten years ago. His thoughts had been set stageward before he could remember by the presence in his father's house in Denver of certain distinguished guests, whom he learned were actors. One of these was a slight, dark man with longish hair, and a smile that was friendly but made the youngster want to cry. This was Edwin Booth. He had shared in his lawyer father's liking for Shakespeare, and had read all of the plays, and had, in amateur theatricals, played Romeo to Maud Fealey's Juliet. But the inclination to the stage did not crystallize until he met Frederick Warde on Broadway.

"What are you doing here?" inquired Mr. Warde.

"I came East with my mother on a visit," was the answer sufficient to the youth.

"Do you want to go on the stage?" was a question that first dazed, then delighted him.

"Yes," he said, "of course I do."

"Then join my company. I'll give you small parts as a beginning." In fifteen minutes Douglas Fairbanks was an accredited member of Frederick Warde's company. In a western company one of the members became derelict, and the young man was elevated to the rank of second male player.

"It was an excellent experience," said Mr. Fairbanks, looking thoughtful and thirty. "Mr. Warde was a scholarly man, and he let me go with him to the universities and the clubs where he gave lectures. I was receiving a liberal education."

Then followed engagements in "Fantana" and "All for a Girl," and "Two Little Sailor Boys." Grace George, happening to see one of these, told her husband of a promising juvenile whom he would do well to engage. Wm. A. Brady proved his conjugal confidence by sending for and engaging the young man without having seen him act. He assigned him to rôles in "The Pit" and "Clothes," in which plays he supported Miss George.

There was a year when he forsook the stage for Wall Street, spending a year in the feverish highway of finance. He went to Europe and on the Strand, met a manager who induced him to return to join the cast of "Frenzied Finance." His excursions in light shallops over, he went to the dramatic sea in the stouter craft, "The Man of the Hour" and "A Gentleman from Mississippi," in which latter he was co-star with Thomas Wise. Last season he played the title rôle of "The Cub." This year the critics tossed away the pencils worn blunt with writing phrases about his engaging self and attractive art.

M. M.

Douglas Fairbanks as Robert Pitt in "A Gentleman of Leisure"

EUROPEAN SUPPLEMENT

BY PETRONIUS

PARIS, October 7, 1911.

WHAT is to be the fashion this winter? One learns by dressing others, and the great dressmakers are learned psychologists. They are aware of the responsibilities which surround them, and observe their professional secrets as rigorously as does the priest, the physician or the lawyer. The mysteries of the temple of Isis were no better guarded than are those of the modern dressmaking establishment.

However, I have been able to slightly raise the curtain which hides the fashions of to-morrow by addressing some of the acknowledged leaders among the Paris dressmakers. As each one of these has a specialty, owing to the class of its clients, these dressmakers differ on various points. Yet all speak with the same enigmatic smile of woman's fantasies, and while deploring the reigning taste of the day, generally acknowledge that their personal influence has diminished.

Formerly, four or five models were sufficient to create a fashion. The elegant women of the present day are far more exacting. They demand a great number from which to choose, and even then often suggest alterations in the models displayed by the dressmaker, who is thus no longer the undisputed arbiter, but a collaborator and a confident.

One great house shows not less than two hundred and fifty models a season. Before such abundance it is impossible to indicate definitely the fashion of the coming winter. One can only try to get the general trend and the chief characteristics.

"We are at a standstill," they tell us. The costume is still narrow and fitted, despite the efforts of the principal dressmakers, who manifestly have broader ideas.

"Ah! there is the great danger," said one dressmaker, who is more than hostile to the narrow gown. "A fitted gown should be made for a perfect figure, one which will not deform the costume, a figure which will, indeed, be made more perfect by it. But most of our customers have illusions. They do not estimate themselves aright. And you can quite understand that it is very difficult for us to insist upon the truth, no matter how evident it may be, without wounding the self esteem of our customers. So we become very reserved, and must often shut our eyes in order to let errors slip through. Our artistic feelings are thus put to a great trial. For, while we may not work solely for the love of art, it is, nevertheless, painful for us to have a toilette ordered despite our suggestions to the contrary."

We shall see much fur, much velvet and a great deal of lace. If one color may be said to dominate, that is certainly blue in all its shades. There is some hostility to grey, beige and chestnut. One dressmaker assures me that the Oriental influence will still be felt by Parisiennes. It will be most manifest in brilliant colors. But we have gotten beyond the eccentricities of the *jupe-culotte*.

At the moment it is the foreigners who throng the dressmaking salons, whose pro-

Photo H. Manuel

THREE CHARMING TOILETTES BY REDFERN, OF PARIS

Photo Boissonas et Taponier

MADAME PAQUIN

prietors await with impatience, and not without a little uneasiness, the return of the Parisiennes. Their models are ready. There have been shown in the flower-decked salons gowns christened Pervenche, Paquerette, Orchidée, Colette, Athnée, Sultane, Desenchantée, La Vallière, Montespan, Manon, and, of course, Joconde. The gowns are spoken of as real people.

But what is a pretty costume worth when worn with a bad hat? A witty woman once said: "An elegant woman is recognized by her hat and her shoes." Hats are exaggerated one way or the other, for they are either very large or very small, according to the character and the figure of the wearer. The toques and little hats are naturally most becoming to small women. But how many little women think to make themselves tall by wearing big hats! You can rest assured of the invasion of plumes and aigrettes. The ostrich and the bird of paradise will not suffice to fill the demand. Flowers are little used, which seems to chagrin the milliners of the old school. "It is really too bad if that is to continue," said one of the latter, "for the flower-makers will forget their trade." Some hats, however, take on the aspect of flower-pots without any other trimming. And there are also the period hats, and the Louis XVI style carries them.

The revolutions in matters of fashion are brusque and striking. They spring up all of a sudden at the theatre, at the race-course, or at a charity sale. It is sufficient that a pretty and audacious woman should wear something totally different, and there is a new fashion.

Before closing my account of the fashions, I would call your attention to the photographic reproductions shown by Madame Paquin at the Turin Exposition, in a lovely pavilion erected under the supervision of that woman of exquisite taste, who is an acknowledged authority in matters of dress. From its opening this pavilion was the rendezvous of the nobility of all countries, who came there to do honor to this temple of art. Her Royal Highness, the Princess Loetitia, was one of the most frequent visitors, taking with her many members of the reigning families.

I would have liked to entertain you with the theft of the famous "Joconde" of Leonardo da Vinci, but I fear to repeat the special cables sent to the American newspapers. That marvelous panel was secured from the Florentine master by Francois I when Leonardo was spending his declining days at the Chateau d'Amboise, in Touraine, that country so much loved by traveled Americans.

The theft recalls an incident of my own life, which occurred at a museum in the same province, in a town where Jeanne d'Arc is fêted each year with great ceremony. After having visited the museums of Pau, Bordeaux, Agen, and others of less interest, I was returning from Biarritz by motor, and one beautiful morning found myself near the museum in question, and thought to find the usual guardian of the treasures. However, it was the concierge, who happened to be busy with her children's toilets, and who, to my great stupefaction, confided to me the keys of the gallery of paintings, the which contained, according to the accounts of connoisseurs, canvases of untold value.

Never before had I known the pleasure

Photo Dal Rio, Turin

THE PAQUIN EXHIBIT AT THE TURIN EXPOSITION

Photo Dal Rio, Turin

THE PAQUIN EXHIBIT AT THE TURIN EXPOSITION

Photo Agie. Eggimann, Publisher

CORNER OF A SALON AT DOEUILLET'S

of going unattended through a museum. Far from the crowds of the curious, who only visit museums in order to say that they have been there, and who keep step with the traditional guide, while the latter repeats in sing-song tone the discourse he has learned by rote, that visit was an untold delight. I have never dared to revisit that museum, for fear of learning that some daring visitor has abused the confidence of the *naif* guardian by appropriating one of the canvases that form its glory.

I have seen once more the Camondo collection, which was bequeathed to the Louvre Museum. If I must once again deplore the fact that the law does not allow a museum to pick and choose the canvases from a collection willed to it, and so eliminate certain mistakes of the collector, I must acknowledge that in the present instance, with the exception of a few canvases, the paintings are superb. The examples of Watteau, a charming Fragonaud, Latours worthy of the St. Quentin, without forgetting Corot and Delacroix.

With these few exceptions, all the paintings in the Camondo collection belong to the half century just past. The most remarkable are the works of Degas. They form the major portion of the gift. It is they which give it its great and unique value. They will be a revelation to most visitors to the museum; for until now few people are acquainted with the work of this great painter, in my opinion the greatest of the present day. He was illustrious and distant, glorious and secret. Appropriate to him was the saying inspired by another: "He never lacked admiration nor solitude." He never exhibited his work in the official or in private salons. He always worked in retirement, and as if for himself alone. Some of the foreign museums long ago accorded him the place which was rightfully his, but, excepting the museum at Pau, no French museum possesses one of his works. The amateurs, more far-sighted than the Government, bought some of his canvases, but such collections are open to few people. Thus Degas' work is almost unknown to the public. Also the way in which the critics, even those who recognize his talent, did much to mislead public opinion. Perhaps, because of the difficulty of understanding, an original and solitary artist, perhaps because of the inclination of most critics of our time to explain all art in "movements," and by collective influences they allied him to groups of artists with whom he had very little or nothing in common. Under the pretext that he was linked by friendship or admiration with Manet, Claude Monet and Renoir, the critics classed him with the impressionists; as his customary subjects were not academic ones, other critics ranged him with the realists; so that such false ticketing ended by confusing the public.

In truth, he was neither one nor the other, but a classic of a great race, and that the French race. Not one of those who make use of the traditional formulas, and to whom tradition means inertia, Degas was one of those to whom tradition is an active and living force, and who was inspired by tradition to create new forms. The essence of his art was classic; his was not the art of reproduction and imitation, but the superior art of interpretation and composition. The French classic spirit in painting has never had finer expression than in the work of Degas. His clearness, vivacity, firmness, concision, his wonderful taste, his sombre force, his profoundness without obscurity, his grace without effeminacy, his love of the incisive accent, of exact language, brief and terse, all these come from the depth of his French nature, and only from it. In closing, I may say that, if the disappearance of the Joconde is an irreparable loss for France, the twenty-odd paintings by Degas, which will shortly, I hope, be a part of the Louvre inheritance, will be for all art lovers a supreme consolation.

PETRONIUS.

PUBLISHER'S NOTE.

The above article is one of a series of letters from the French capital, and we have no doubt that our readers have already discovered for themselves how interesting and valuable they are. A similar letter will appear in every issue of this magazine.

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MONKS WIN RIGHT TO CHARTREUSE

United States Supreme Court Favors Carthusian Order in Fight to Protect Secret of Its Liqueur

By a decision of the United States Supreme Court the Carthusian Monks, who make the celebrated liqueur known as Chartreuse, have won their fight against the Cusenier Company, a New York corporation, to prevent the latter from using the trade-mark and other indicia of the monks' product in the sale of a similar cordial in this country. The Cusenier Company acts as agent for the French liquidator, Mons. Henri Lecontier, appointed by the French courts to take possession of the property of the monks in France under the Associations act of 1901.

Following the forcible removal from their monastery, near Voiron, in the Department of Isere, in France, the monks took their liqueur manufacturing secret with them and set up a factory in Tarragona, in Spain, and there have continued to manufacture the cordial, importing from France such herbs as were needed for the purpose.

The French liquidator, it is alleged, undertook to make a cordial identical with or closely resembling the monks' product.

In about all substantial details the claims of the monks have been upheld, except that the defendant company has not been held in contempt. Justice Hughes wrote the decision. The jurisdiction of the Circuit Court was upheld. It was also set forth that the monks' non-use of the trade-mark did not constitute abandonment and that the French law affecting it could not have any extra-territorial effect as far as this country was concerned, and that the monks have an exclusive right to the use of the word Chartreuse in the sale of their product in the United States.—*New York Herald, June 20, 1911.*

DANGEROUS PLAYS

(*Continued from page 174*)

sentimental stuff the playwrights of any country have been capable of writing.

What Ruskin said of novels is true of plays: "It is not the badness of a novel that we should dread so much as its overwrought interest. The best romance becomes dangerous if by its excitement it renders the ordinary course of life uninteresting—increases the morbid thirst for useless acquaintance with scenes in which we shall never be called upon to act. . . . What is chosen should be chosen not for their freedom from evil, but for their possession of good." "An Enemy of the People" could not hurt anyone, neither will "The Doll's House." The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith," "The Blue Mouse," "A Fighting Hope," are worse than "Mrs. Warren's Profession," revolting as that is, for they sugar-coat vice or try to pass vulgarity off as raciness and charm.

The man who said that coarseness was the unpardonable sin was not far from the truth. To-day we turn from the eighteenth century plays—even from Congreve's, brilliant as they are—in disgust. To-morrow will turn from most of ours with the same feeling of emptiness and contempt. We do not like and we do not believe the realists who try to show us as we are, and we are right. The play that sends people from the theatre wishing themselves respectable dogs rather than human beings is not great, because it is not true. We are hungry for truth, we crave realism, we forgive those who prick our vanity and expose our self-deceptions, but we do not pardon insults to human nature. The great have always made us willing and glad to be human.

This is the day of surgery in literature, but the scalpel is dangerous in inexperienced or unscrupulous hands. We trust Ibsen to operate on our beautiful eyes, but we do not trust d'Annunzio, for he is a man of no convictions. Some say that a piece of art is not concerned with morality, that art and nature are essentially unmoral. Perhaps the one is no more so than the other, but we, being what we are, must of our nature reduce everything to right and wrong. The great plays have always been profoundly moral, and drama will grow not less moral, but more so as human standards become more defined and lofty—not necessarily more didactic, though it is astonishing how much of that sort of thing people will stand: witness melodrama.

"But people go to the theatre to be amused!" Why not? The unwillingness or the inability of the most ardent supporters and reformers of the theatre to recognize this great, vital function of the drama is the reason for most of their failures. The theatre, like women, must first of all charm before it can strengthen and uplift; without charm it is hospitality without heart. What would the earth be without light and color? It isn't the fact that people seek amusement at the theatre that is deplorable—it is what appeals to them as amusing. It has been well said that people manifest their stage of culture in nothing more than in what they laugh at. People speak scornfully of the drama that aims to please, but that is its legitimate end, and it may be the highest possible end; it all depends on the person it is designed to please. Let us not try to rob it of its great prerogative! Let us get over the superstition that only disagreeable things are good for us! Amusement, pleasure, is anabolic. In the last analysis, morality, health, sanity, are the results of a life of pleasure; immorality, disease, madness, of one of pain. Let us go to the theatre for pleasure! Let us never go to a play that does not give us pleasure! Let us go as the French do, with different standards for different kinds of plays and to different kinds of plays for different kinds of pleasure! Let us not go to problem plays when we have been working at our own problems for months!

We don't want to work all the time; we don't want to walk all the time. Sometimes, like Uncle William, we want to just "set and think, and sometimes to—"jest set." The "jest setting" is good for us; farce is as valuable and necessary, and may be as artistic, as any form of drama. Take "The Comedy of Errors," "The Merry Wives of Windsor," "Captain Brassbound's Conversion," "Arms and the Man," "The Importance of Being Earnest"—all with blemishes, all below the ideal—though perhaps no more so than the audiences for whom they were written—could we do as well without them? Are they dangerous plays? Some think so. A dangerous play? Every play is a dangerous play, particularly while it is in manuscript, but who would not "adventure for such merchandise?"

LOUISE BRONSON WEST.

There's but one best in anything—

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Chicago's Dramatic Season

(*Continued from page 177*)

who adds a perfected histrionic technique to a dominating personality; and among the dialect-mongers of musical comedy there are very few of whom that may be said. He also raises his voice in song with most legitimate melody. Bernard Granville, a dancing "juvenile," who scored his first hit in "Marriage à la Carte," and was then acclaimed as a possible rival to Donald Brian, and Eva Fallon, in a dainty soubrette rôle, contribute materially to the gaiety of the piece, while Mary Quive, in the title rôle, gives promise that soon she will no longer be known merely as Grace Van Studdiford's sister. Sophie Tucker and William Riley Hatch are also prominent in the company.

The locale of "Louisiana Lou," it may be added, is New Orleans during the Mardi Gras carnival. The story refrains from the fantastic, and in its general outline resembles Labiche in his blunter moments of bourgeois comedy. The librettists in the cast are Addison Burkhardt and Frederick Donaghey; the composer is Ben M. Jerome. The staging and chorus groupings reveal the sanely artistic method of Frank Smithson.

James K. Hackett has again lifted his head as an actor-manager, this time in "The Grain of Dust," dramatized from the recently published novel by the late David Graham Phillips. The piece does not need, however, to depend upon the best-selling possibilities of its parent in fictional form. It is in itself a very passable play, which holds the interest in spite of a slowness of movement. As a "book-play," since lenience is usually extended to this form of drama, it verges on excellence, and there is every reason to believe that it will serve Mr. Hackett's purpose well.

The star is provided with one of those rugged "blood-and-iron" rôles of which he seems to be making a specialty; and when in the adamantine mood, as the corporation lawyer who marries his stenographer and incurs a business feud thereby, he is as acceptable as he was in "John Glayde's Honor." As a lover, however, Mr. Hackett has ceased to be persuasively impassioned. His company is notable for its men, and undistinguished for its women. Among the former are E. M. Holland, Frank Burbeck, Frazer Coulter and Vaughan Trevor; among the latter, Mary Moran, Olive Harper, and Pauline Neff—whose waist is almost as slender as Polaire's. The dramatization is by Louis Evan Shipman.

Thomas W. Ross finds a stellar vehicle in "An Everyday Man," which has been well received because of his ingratiating personality. The piece is by Owen Davis, who is endeavoring to break away from his extensive traffic in blood-and-thunder melodrama. His intentions in "An Everyday Man" were of the best, but he could not refrain from dragging a "wronged" girl and a vengeful father into his effort at genial comedy. Mr. Ross is better than his rôle and much better than the play.

Overballasted with a pair of stars, "Uncle Sam's" fate is problematical. It is too frail a vehicle for the heavy reputations of Thomas A. Wise and John Barrymore, and displays neither of them in their happiest manner. Mr. Wise plays a puffy old tourist from Nevada who hates the "mincing, marionette men" of Europe, and Mr. Barrymore, an American student at Heidelberg, who adopts purple vests, flounced trousers, a Chantecler hat, and perfume in order to disguise himself, for plot purposes, as a "mollycoddle." The piece may be labeled a farce comedy of effeminacy, and the idea of man's feminization is played upon and travestied until the little mirth in it is worn threadbare. Ann Caldwell and James O'Dea are the authors.

Brief mention may be made of "The Ladies' Lion," in which Jefferson De Angelis tries to be a librettist as well as a comedian. "The Ladies' Lion" roars as gently as any sucking dove, and in an antique key. "The Mollusc" may also be named, in passing, for its cast is new. Sir Charles Wyndham's rôle, for the edification of Chicago and the far West, is in the hands of Kyrle Bellew; Jane Laurel is the ingenué; Isabel Irving, the molluscan lady, and Frank Goldsmith, the molluscan husband.

CHARLES W. COLLINS.

There will shortly be produced in London what is described as a wordless mystery drama. In the cast there will be no fewer than 2,000 persons. The author is Dr. Karl Vollmoeller, and the period of the play the end of the twelfth century. The leading female character is a nun. There is music by Humperdinck.

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Caruso in the character of Dick Johnson, in Puccini's Opera "The Girl of the Golden West"

Gabrielle of the Lilies

(*Continued from page* 156)

had suddenly taken semi-form, flashing back blue and pale yellow lights. There were others lying carelessly on the dressing table, innumerable necklaces of them, no two of the same size, and when she had draped them all about her slim shoulders, she looked as the idols in an Indian temple look in their glittering dress, though no idol of India ever showed above the gems so piquant and alluring a face. She owns six hundred of the milk-white decorations. Their aggregate in value, as nearly as she can remember, is $400,000.

"I began to like pearls when I was a little girl. My first recollection is of mother giving me a bluish one to play with. I suppose it was an imitation one, but I held it up to the light and admired its many colors. I fell in love with pearls then, and have never since been out of love with them. To me pearls are refined. Diamonds seem to say for their owner: 'See how rich I am!' You know what diamonds cost. You do not know the cost of pearls."

From the present she whose name, translated, is Gabrielle of the Lilies, turns easily from her eighteen thousand dollars a month present to a future of what she considers infinite possibilities.

"I resemble no one, because there is no one like me in France," she said. "The artists of France are great, but they are no longer young. Youth is as great as genius. But work, too, is as great as genius. I looked about the French stage, and saw that one artist in the varieties could do one thing, perhaps sing. Another could dance. Another knew pantomime. I resolved to know and do all. I had a good voice, but it was strained while I was learning to sing. That was unfortunate. Still I can sing. I love the stage. I shall never leave it. A millionaire at my feet, begging me to marry him, would mean nothing to me but an annoyance. I should say to him, 'Go away; I am already wedded for life.' There will be for me none of your American divorces. My spouse is the stage. I shall never leave it until I die. If I have my way I shall die on the stage. That would be for me the happiest death."

I have never seen anyone to whom death seemed so far away, so unthinkable, as to Gaby Deslys. But she thinks of it often, she insisted.

Said she: "I am very devoted, you say? O, devout; that is it. I wear, you see, a medal of the Virgin." She showed it to me, shining in gold and studded with a diadem of tiny rubies, beneath her encompassing pearls. Beside it were a satyr's head in gold and four-leafed clover, enameled upon golden coin.

"I go every year to Lourdes," she said, "to pray. My patron saint is Anthony of Padua, who finds lost objects and grants prosperity."

A. P.

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Moving Theatre Fails

One of the most interesting theatrical experiments of late years, the Théatre Ambulant Gémier, or the Gémier Traveling Theatre, is, says the Paris correspondent of the *New York Times*, about to come to an end in its present form, and the company is going into liquidation. M. Gémier, the enterprising actor-manager of the concern, formerly of the Comédie Française, states that, although from the point of view of the receipts, averaging $600 a day, the new venture has been a complete success, it is impossible to continue the present method of tugging the heavy theatre, scenery, properties, dressing room, caravans, lighting plant, etc., along the roads by means of a traction engine, which, when working properly, gets up a speed of three miles an hour, and, at other times, falls into ditches, dashes down hills into churchyards, and otherwise complicates matters. The founder, therefore, thought it best to go into voluntary liquidation; but he has not the smallest idea of giving up this portable theatre. He will still take it around the country, putting it up in town after town as he arrives; but henceforward all the vans will be transported by rail in a special train. This means that the transportation will be much more expensive as regards the actual freight, but the gain to the whole enterprise will be enormous, since the company very frequently was unable to keep engagements owing to delays, and this, of course, damaged the prestige of the concern. In fact, poor M. Gémier seems to have had nothing but trouble ever since he started. Another setback was that at a number of towns booked he was unable to give performances owing to the dear-food riots.

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THE IRISH PLAYERS

(Continued from page 158)

scend upon that house. Swiftly it comes. Hugh, the elder son, is the darling of the countryside, as well as of his mother's heart, but he is not the farm-plodder his brother Shane is, and the soured old father of the family, who has put the best of his life into the cultivation of his stony place, feels that Hugh, "the scholar," much better than Shane, the natural-born farmer, may be spared to sail "for America via Queenstown." This though he must wrest his birthright from the older son and incidentally break the heart in the little mother's breast. The note here is almost constantly that of tragedy, for in the end Hugh is murdered by the brother he has accused of "grabbing," and the curtain descends upon a ruined family.

As a delightful relief the company is then wont to play Lady Gregory's amusing skit about a youth so burdened by the "character" given him as a parting gift by his fond friends in the next county that he must needs steal a sheep and rob a church in order to prove himself human. This piece, like all which comes from the pen of Yeats' co-director in Dublin—for Lady Gregory is a director who directs, though she is incidentally a grandmother—overflows with the most delightful humor. Its author justifies the lightness of her touch by saying that, as all the young writers are intent on turning out tragedy, she, as the only one young enough to laugh, must keep on producing comedy. Her things are as funny as Bernard Shaw's, yet they never have in them the sting inherent in all his work. Shaw, by-the-bye, is her close friend and ardent admirer. Not long ago he said in London, "If ever there was a person doomed from the cradle to write for the stage—nay, to invent and create a theatre if no theatre existed—that person is the author of 'Hyacinth Halvey,' of 'The Workhouse Ward,' and of 'The Rising of the Moon.' Her plays never fail to do the one thing which we all demand from a play, which is, not as stupid people say, to amuse us (though Lady Gregory's plays are extremely amusing), but to take us out of ourselves, out of London and out of the stuffy theatre, while we are listening to them."

To see the poet, Yeats, with his wide brow and dreamy eyes, hovering in the background of the auditorium, or to discover Lady Gregory, with her white hair and air of gentle distinction, looking on from a stage box at the playing of the company they two have practically created, is in itself a joy; for it prompts in one the hope that there may in time come to the front in our own newer country some man or woman to make a life-work of the promotion of American drama which shall be literature.

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A Lew Fields burlesque can always be relied upon, if one seeks an evening of laughter. In "The Never Homes," Mr. Fields himself is conspicuous by his absence, but in his place are two other favorite comedians, George W. Monroe and Jess Dandy, and these two succeed amply in keeping the audience in good humor. The piece makes fun of the suffragette movement. In a small town, on the outskirts of Nowhere, the election is on. The women are strongly organized under the leadership of a comely amazon, and when the count is made the suffragettes have made a clean sweep. They proceed to reorganize the local administration to suit their own ideas. The men fire-fighters are all discharged, and the fire stations "manned" entirely by women, bossed by Patricia Flynn, who is really George W. Monroe in petticoats. The amusing complications are easily anticipated. While on duty at fire headquarters, an alarm of fire comes in. Patricia (the Chief) answers the telephone, and is told that a hotel is burning. "Isn't that too bad," answers Patricia. "'Tisn't my fault, is it?" she continues, peevishly. "Go and put it out? Really, we cawn't now. We're having a little tea party. If the fire isn't out to-morrow, we'll come around and attend to it," and so the fun goes on. Miss Vera Finlay as Pauline Panhard, made a stately suffragette. Al Leech was amusing as Daly Bunn, and Joseph Santley did some clever dancing.

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B

A unique and exclusive feature of the THEATRE MAGAZINE is the Fashion Department. Do not fail to read the suggestions and pointers of our Fashion Editor, an authority of both continents.

The Grand Opera Season

(*Continued from page* 155)

Young People, and the Chicago Orchestra, conducted by Frederick A. Stock, will visit New York for the first time in more than a dozen years. The Kneisel Quartet, the Olive Mead Quartet and the Flonzaley Quartet, all announce concerts for lovers of chamber music.

In choral affairs there are the concerts given by the Oratorio Society and the Musical Art Society, both conducted by Frank Damrosch; also the MacDowell Chorus, conducted by Kurt Schindler, and the People's Choral Union.

Of recitalists there is simply no end, and some appearing in this list are, of course, also to appear as soloist at orchestra concerts. Prominent among newcomers are Elena Gerhardt, a renowned German soprano, who is famous as a lieder singer; Zimbalist, a Russian violinist, whose fame has preceded him, and Wilhelm Bachaus, an eminent pianist, beloved chiefly in England and Germany.

Emma Eames, well-known American opera singer, returns for a concert tour with her recently wedded husband, Emilio de Gogorza, the latter a well-known baritone; Nordica is to be heard in concert; Vladimir de Pachmann, Russian pianist, has been in this country for months, and is to make a winter tour of recital giving; Schumann-Heink, distinguished contralto, German by birth and American by adoption, is to make a tour.

John McCormack, Irish tenor, who was heard with the Manhattan Opera Company, is to appear in recital; Clement, admired French tenor, is also to sing in concert; so are Geraldine Farrar, Alma Gluck and Johanna Gadski; so are Mary Garden, Alice Nielsen, Riccardo Martin, Pasquale Amato, all of the Metropolitan. And so the list continues endlessly, until to pursue it would simply be to make a catalogue of famous names.

There are also some rumors, said to be well founded, that Arthur Nikisch, famous conductor, will come to this country for a brief tour at the head of an orchestra. This being the Liszt centenary, many concerts will be given, making a musical festival of the event; also will the name of Franz Liszt figure oftener and more prominently on the programmes of recital givers.

Columbia Records

Few announcements could cause more genuine pleasure and excite a more lively interest among record buyers everywhere than the fact that we have now ready and are issuing herewith a new series of Columbia Double-Disc records by Alice Nielsen.

The recently announced engagement of Miss Nielsen as leading lyric soprano of the Metropolitan Opera House has brought her more than ever into the white light of public regard, and emphasized the salient features of a career which has had few parallels among those associated with the American stage. A review of Miss Nielsen's career would be superfluous and unnecessary here, but the public cannot forget, in her upward progress to the supremacy to which she has attained, her uncompromising fight for the highest ideals of art and her persistent refusal in the face of all difficulties to be satisfied with anything short of an absolute standard—any more than they can forget, having once heard it, the subtle mingling of heart quality, sincerity and temperament that speaks in every note of her voice.

The new records are altogether of unusual interest in all respects, not the least of which is the fact that they include recordings of the immortal old ballads—"Old Folks at Home" and "Bonnie Sweet Bessie." So seldom is it that there can be found English-speaking operatic singers to render these simple old numbers in really adequate fashion, that the chance should not be lost of securing these unique interpretations by one of the foremost singers of the world. This double record forms a splendid companion to that of "The Last Rose of Summer" and "Home Sweet Home," issued some time ago. In another combination is found a record of the famous Prayer from "The Sacrifice," the new Converse opera, produced at the Boston Opera House last season. Coupled with this is a new and popular number by Charles Wakefield Cadman, whose work in transcribing and developing the characteristic airs of the American Indians has been recognized as an endeavor of untold value to musical art. Two new numbers from Miss Nielsen's star rôle, Cio-Cio-San in "Madam Butterfly," form another double-disc, and the list closes with two of the most dramatic and effective of the many duets in "Rigoletto," sung with Ramon Blanchart, leading baritone of the Boston Opera House.

PLAYS AND PLAYERS

(Continued from page 151)

same case brought up—as it is only too frequently—in the Domestic Relations branch of the city courts.

A working girl of Irish-American parentage, brought up in the religious faith of the Roman Catholic Church, is married to a sodden drunkard, whom she has to support, and who steals the money from her pay envelope on Saturday night. She turns him out of the flat, but he sobers up long enough to plead for re-instatement in the marital relation—otherwise, he threatens, he will go back to the gutter, and the rebellious wife will be to blame. Her mother and the old priest unite in urging her to take back the man she has learned to loathe, and she yields. A baby is born, doomed by the father's taint, and it dies just as the hopeless inebriate, to whom the young mother is irrevocably bound by the "sacred" marriage tie, reels in, and falls in a drunken heap on the floor. That settles matters in the woman's mind, Church or no Church. Besides (a year or two has worn by), a man of the right sort, who has loved her all along, now holds out the hope of real happiness, for which her whole nature yearns. The absolute divorce to which she is legally entitled will clear away all obstacles. But, no! says the priest. Fifteen hundred years' dogma must not be defied, just because here and there an individual suffers—otherwise the Church will cast her off. "I am not afraid!" cries the woman, and rushes into her lover's arms. It is a right ending, and dramatically effective.

The piece is realistically staged and capably acted. Gertrude Elliott, as the rebellious wife, rises to her highest artistic level in expressing restrained emotion and womanly decision of character, though she portrays a type rather than an individual Georgia Connor.

BELASCO'S. "THE RETURN OF PETER GRIMM." Play in three acts by David Belasco. Produced October 17 with this cast:

Peter Grimm, David Warfield; Frederick, John Sainpolis; James Hartman, Thomas Meighan; Andrew MacPherson, Joseph Brennan; Rev. Henry Batholommey, William Boag; Colonel Tom Lawton, John F. Webber; Willem, Percy Helton; Kathrien, Janet Dunbar; Mrs. Batholommey, Marie Bates; Marta, Marie Reichardt; The Clown, Tony Bevan.

To behold the return to earth of one near to us, "accoutered" as he was in life, would be, and is, a most extraordinary occurrence. By means of the delicate services of Mr. Belasco and the judicious artistry of David Warfield, we are enabled to see the possibilities in such a case. "The Return of Peter Grimm" is an achievement in many directions. Of course, a play can prove no theories about the future state of man. There is nothing phenomenal about the return of Peter, an admirable old Dutchman, except Mr. Belasco's treatment of his fable. It is impossible for the many to regard what takes place on the stage as dependent on the sub-conscious memories of the characters, or for the few to accept it as the embodiment of "The theory of the survival of persistent personal energy." Peter Grimm came back in this play, and further than that no theories can be pushed. It is very pleasing to say that Mr. Belasco manages the case so adroitly and so reverently that he does not undertake to go one step further, even though invited by theatrical opportunities to do so, than the theorists claim. Peter Grimm is powerless to convey any ideas or to express himself except indirectly through a child, who is sensitively mediumistic. To have a man suddenly come from Nowhere (or Somewhere), and order things at first hand, would be to upset the universe. It is not likely that Divinity has relegated its powers to individual Spirits. However, we need not discuss a subject that has filled many wards of lunatic asylums with inmates. The substantial fact is that "The Return of Peter Grimm" is a play with many tender moments in it. That its idea is always sustained with interest is according to the point of view; but physically and spiritually the play is a good one. Its effects are gained without those theatrical devices that might be expected. There are no spotlights, no mysterious and weird gleams, only old Peter back again at his home, anxious to avert evil from those he loves, and to right a wrong that he had unconsciously set in motion.

Peter was an old bachelor, a man of wealth. He had adopted a child, a girl, and wishes to perpetuate his family through her marriage with a nephew, an unworthy young man, who had gained his confidence. Peter's housekeeper had been unfortunate, and she lived with him together with her son, a pale-faced boy of seven, of whom the old man was fond. It is discov-

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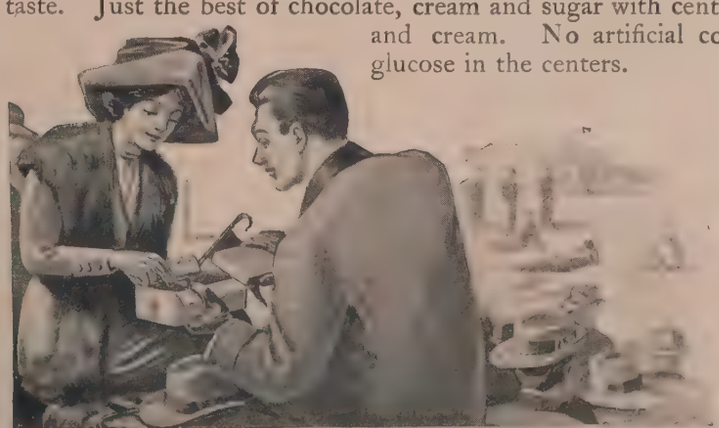

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This is the romance in letters of a man and a woman, extremely intelligent and accustomed to analyzing themselves, as Stendhal and Paul Bourget would have them do. They achieved this improbable aim of sentimentalist love in friendship. The details of their experience are told here so sincerely, so naïvely, that it is evident the letters are published here as they were written, and they were not written for publication. They are full of intimate details of family life among great artists, of indiscretion about methods of literary work and musical composition. There has not been so much interest in an individual work since the time of Marie Bashkirsheff's confessions, which were not as intelligent as these.

Francisque Sarcey, in *Le Figaro*, said:

"Here is a book which is talked of a great deal. I think it is not talked of enough, for it is one of the prettiest dramas of real life ever related to the public. Must I say that well-informed people affirm the letters of the man, true or almost true, hardly arranged, were written by Guy de Maupassant?

I do not think it is wrong to be so indiscreet. One must admire the feminine delicacy with which the letters were reinforced, if one may use this expression. I like the book, and it seems to me it will have a place in the collection, so voluminous already, of modern ways of love."

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ered after Peter's death that the nephew was the father of this boy. Peter makes this known through his influence over the boy, who is nervous and in a high fever. The boy pieces together a picture of his mother, which had been sent in a letter, and thus makes the disclosure. This boy, covered up on the sofa, goes to sleep. The spiritual Peter raises him in his arms and takes him away with him to peace, to a home where he will not suffer the humiliations that would afflict him in life. When the sheet on the sofa is lifted, the boy is seen resting there. He is dead. This is a beautiful touch, a device that is above theatricalism. Peter's invisible presence in the room throughout this act is impressive. He hammers on the table, making no sound, as he strives to speak.

We have practically given the story, without going into details. It is in details that Mr. Belasco is particularly admirable and skillful, but the large idea of the play is commanding. Should we attempt to describe the details, we would have occasion to say much. It would be unfair, as much as it is a matter of curiosity to those who study Mr. Belasco's art, to dwell upon the many effective little things. Peter's little charge is all aglow with excitement about the circus which has come. He gets the money to buy tickets. Peter will go with him. The music of the band is heard. A clown jumps into the window and harangues the little household. It is a diverting and picturesque incident. Presently Peter dies as he sits in his chair holding his pipe. The little boy returns eager to go to the show. Mr. Belasco makes everything act, including knives and forks. There is an interesting scene at the table between Peter and his friend the doctor. Peter ridicules the idea of any return after death, but it is agreed between him and the philosophic and irate doctor that whoever died first should return first. There was a compact made, perhaps not exactly in those terms, that Peter, if he returned first, would apologize. We doubt if it is a true note when Peter does apologize later on to the unhearing doctor.

The charm of the piece is not in its philosophy, but in its simplicity and truth in the impossible circumstances that are made actual. Mr. David Warfield, wholly untheatric, as is his nature and art, has not what might be described as a great acting part. The novelty of the conditions goes very far toward making the part what it is. He plays it with perfect moderation, simplicity and sincerity. The nephew, Frederick, was in the hands of Mr. John Sainpolis. It is proper to remark about his impersonation, that he wore whiskers of a kind that prejudices one against him at first sight. "They like me not," is somewhere said in Shakespeare about whiskers of a similar forbidding appearance. This sartorial touch we regard as one of the most delicate bits of Mr. Belasco's craft.

The little boy, the Tiny Tim, who was carried away to peace by Peter, was most effectively acted by young Percy Helton. Mr. Thomas Meighan was a manly lover, Mr. Joseph Brennan, a bluff doctor, and Miss Janet Dunbar charming as the girl whose happiness was at stake. It is needless to say that the cast was otherwise excellent. The play is charmingly idyllic and novel, slow at times, but it "gets across," as Peter would say.

DALY'S. MME. SIMONE IN "THE THIEF." Play in three acts by Henri Bernstein. Adapted into English by Haddon Chambers. Produced October 16 with this cast:

Richard Voysin, Edwin Arden; Raymond Lagardes, Albert Gran; Fernand Lagardes, Charles Francis; M. Zambault, Sydney Herbert; Isabelle Lagardes, Grace Halsey Mills; Marie Louis Voysin, Mme. Simone.

If one swallow does not make a summer, it is equally certain that one hearing is not calculated to fix firmly the artistic status of a foreign performer, even if he or she comes to these parts with an established reputation. This is the situation affecting Mme. Simone's American début. In Paris she is a pronounced popular actress, and hailed as an artist of high rank by the leading critics of the French capital. For her first appearance she elected to portray the rôle of Marie Louise in "The Thief," which she created when that interesting play was first produced at the Théâtre de la Renaissance. Perhaps this was a mistake, as the local public was strongly attached to the very vigorous emotional, and withal sympathetic, rendering which Margaret Illington gave at the Lyceum of the wife who stole to make herself attractive and alluring to her husband. It is in no way necessary to compare these two actresses. Not only are their histrionic methods entirely dissimilar, but they radically differ in their respective no-

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tions of what this tremendously effective psychological study really means.

Mme. Simone is an artist with a thorough knowledge of the rudiments of the craft. Hers is not a big power, with the capacity to grasp a momentary situation and carry it fo a supreme effect. It is her method to make intelligence and suggested vigor take the place of an emotional climax. Her by-play is always illuminative; but much of it is lost by the constant way in which she looks at the audience, as if to see that she had their approval. While, even allowing for the vivacity of the French, her gesticulation is frequently redundant, awkward and without significance.

Yet with it all the performance bears the stamp and finish of the Gallic school. There was agreeable lightness to her touch of comedy in the opening scene, restraint and contained power as the finger of suspicion gradually pointed to her, and varied resource, vocal and plastic in the great bedroom scene with the husband. But as she prefers to make Marie Louise extremely sophisticated and hard, the result is academically correct, but, of course, the impression left is void of all human sympathy. Mme. Simone's English is quite remarkable, fluent, refined and perfectly cadenced. Not an accent is misplaced.

The play ended as Bernstein wrote it, the curtain falling on the logical farewell between Marie Louise and the boy who would have sacrificed all for her. Edwin Arden was a spirited and dramatic husband. Albert Gran had some good moments as the harassed father, and Sydney Herbert repeated his finished portrayal of the detective. The settings were in excellent taste, and the stage management most adequately looked after by Ben Greet.

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WALLACK'S. "DISRAELI." Play in four acts by Louis N. Parker. Produced September 18th with this cast:

Duke of Glastonbury, Charles Carey; Duchess of Glastonbury, Leila Repton; Viscount Cudworth, J. R. Torrens; Lady Cudworth, Frances Reeve; Lord Brooke, Guy Cunningham; Lady Brooke, Marie R. Quinn; Lady Clarissa, Elsie Leslie; Viscount Deeford, Ian MacLaren; Benjamin Disraeli, George Arliss; Lady Beaconsfield, Marguerite St. John; Mrs. Noel Travers, Margaret Dale; Sir Michael, Herbert Standing; Mr. Hugh Meyers, Oscar Adye; Mr. Foljambe, Alexander Calvert; Butler, Harry Chessman; Footman, Rutherford Herman; Bascot, Douglas Ross; Potter, St. Clair Bayfield; Flooks, W. Mayne Lynton; A Clerk, Dudley Digges.

In reference to his new play, "Disraeli," the author, Louis N. Parker, takes the precaution to note on the program that "he has taken liberties with historical accuracy, but has tried to present the portrait of a great statesman, with a picture of his times, and the prejudice he conquered." No one will cavil at his historical anachronisms. They are not serious, and none but a person deeply interested will probably recognize them. The critical will merely insist that his play is a piece of conventional workmanship in which standard situations have been utilized, but turned out with a certain technical cleverness and literary veneer which make it pass for something better than it really is.

As is well known, Disraeli played a long and important part in the Victorian history of English politics, and from 1852, when he became a Chancellor of the Exchequer till the time of his death this aggressive imperialist, described as a Tory in politics and a Liberal in practice, shone conspicuously in the limelight of statesmanship, society and letters. It is difficult, however, to recognize the real man as his numerous biographers drew him, proud, imperious, pedantically eccentric, and caustically witty, with the very theatrical personage who struts the boards at Wallack's as Victoria's favorite premier.

As the above briefly describes, "Disraeli" is a comedy drama of political intrigue of which "Diplomacy" is one of the best examples. But its intrigue in ingenuity and suspense is not to be compared with the Sardou piece. In fact, it is rather childish; the effect of the play is really obtained by the picturesqueness of the *mise-en-scène*, the artificiality of the period and the theatrical, theatrical not real potentiality of the title role. The comedy drama is beautifully presented both as to scene and costume, and a large company supports the star, chief of whom deserving of praise are Marguerite St. John, for her very human and refined picture of Dizzy's devoted, if older, wife; Margaret Dale, for her vigorous assumption of the Russian spy, and Herbert Standing, for his business-like exposition of the head of the Bank of England. The juvenile hero and heroine, as acted by Ian Maclaren and Elsie Leslie, are even more colorless than the author drew them.

Mr. Arliss has received elsewhere a great deal of praise for his Prime Minister. But there are

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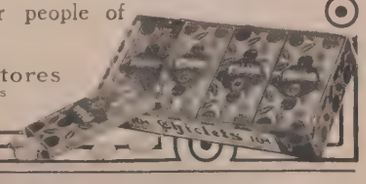

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those who will insist, in spite of a masterly mask, that he has utterly missed the spirit of the proud and powerful few, and has substituted therefor the stage tricks and resources of a very capable character actor. His staccato utterance palls at times, and his mannerisms of gesture and bearing lower the dignity of the rôle.

LYCEUM. "THE ARAB." Play in four acts by Edgar Selwyn. Produced September 20 with this cast:

Mahmout Azeer, Anthony Andre; Selim, Victor Benoit; Kyamil Pasha, Edward R. Mawson; Sheikra, Thomas Adams; A Barber, Joseph Kisber; A Peasant, Tom Azoon; Robert Cruikshanks, Walter Wilson; Mary Hilbert, Virginia Hammond; Myrza, Ethel Von Waldron; A Mendicant, Charles De Forrest; Dr. Hilbert, James Seely; Hossein, Sam Russell; Jamil Abdullah Azam, Edgar Selwyn; Abdullah, Joseph Rawley; Water Seller, Abraham Seror; Ibrahim, Jules Unger; Drucis, Virginia Rankin; Eena, Eileen Percy; Menka, Gerard Gardner; Sayeh, Jack Percy; Minna, Dorothy Rankin; Jazeer, Harry McCullom; Muezzin, George Atalla.

If Mr. Edgar Selwyn's play, in which he has the part of "the best dragoman in the world," were as good as he is, we would have the pleasure of recording the complete triumph of "The Arab." The play might be described as a picturesque melodrama, but that would hardly cover the case, for its fierce characters, its Arabs and Bedouins and Turks are melodramatic by nature, and by the everyday circumstances of their lives, and consequently are real in spite of everything the stage can do to make them unreal and theatric (although they are theatric enough), and with all the horrors impending, it is the comedy which gives serious interest to the play. Here, again, we experience some difficulty with terms. Only a part of the play can be taken seriously. The love affair between the Bedouin and the American girl is impossible; and it is made more impossible by the intimation or promise, in the very last line of the play, that the girl will return from America, marry the best dragoman in the world, and spend her life coursing over the deserts with him on a fleet Arabian steed. She does not put it in quite this way, but that is the only logical inference, something that reduces the play to an absurdity. But Mr. Edgar Selwyn is neither an absurdity personality nor is his "the best dragoman in the world." Beneath his bronzed skin shines an agreeable and intellectual personality, and in the Arab we have the most delightful liar of many stage decades. He is ready to be converted, although his perplexities as to the Commandments of the new religion show that he hasn't the slightest idea of what he is going to be converted to. He is so charmingly naive, however, so lithe, so attractive in person, so soulful in his blazing eyes, and so sincere in the dangers that he runs for the sake of the American maiden, that she may well be pardoned for liking him very much, but it isn't logical to have her go away and leave him with the mere memory of a promise.

GARRICK. "THE SIGN OF THE ROSE." Play in four acts by George Beban. Produced October 11 with this cast:

Dorothy Griswold, Baby Wilson; Mary, Lillian Hathaway; A Floral Decorator, George Fredericks; Lillian Griswold, Mary Pavey; Phillip Griswold, George Probert; Nora, Virginia Reynolds; Arthur Bronson, Phillip Perry; "Tubby" Rutgers, A. S. Byron; William Griswold, Franklin Ritchie; Percy Robbins, Carl Anthony; Pietro Massena, Mr. Beban; Harriet Bullock, Estha Banks; Lynch, Jas. A. Marcus; Rosa Massena, Edna May Hamel; Coogan, Del de Louis; Mrs. Flanigan, Mary Johnstone; The Concertina, Ignazio Biondi; Mud Majors, Jack Conway; Antonio Capino, George L. Derr; Mrs. Abrams, Anna Murdock; Marie Cassiglio, Beatrice Mable; Emma Inman, Ittie Ash.

Vaudeville sketches are usually crude and fashioned after an arbitrary manner that characterizes the rude carpentry of those who know no fineness, but who aim at "effects," for the most part melodramatic. They rarely present new aspects of life or introduce characters new to the stage. Mr. George Beban has been appearing, for a season or two, in vaudeville, in a little play of his own making, entitled "The Sign of the Rose." It was a novelty. The character was sympathetic and from life.

The action takes place in an attractive scenic arrangement, a fashionable flower shop. The "Black hand" had stolen the child, and the ransom was to be paid there to a man who would appear to receive it, and who was to be known by the sign of the rose. A detective had taken the place of the manager of the shop, and was in waiting. A forlorn looking Italian, in the appearance of a laboring man, stops at the window and presently enters. He asks the price of a rose, and starts away ruefully when he is told that it is $10. The detective tells him that he knows what he has come for, and puts $10,000 in bills in his hands. The man is entirely innocent, and is mystified. When the detective at-

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tempts his arrest, he is about to defend himself with the shears which he finds at hand, but he is subdued by a pistol pointed at his breast. He passionately explains to the mother of the stolen child why he had come to buy a rose. His own child had been run over by an automobile the evening before, and he wanted to buy this little token of his love. The story that he tells is pathetic and, with its simplicity and sincerity, smote every heart. His innocence is proved, and he departs, refusing compensation for the killing of his child. This little scene was worked out with much effective detail and with the few characters necessary for the action.

CASINO. "THE KISS WALTZ." Operetta in two acts. Music by C. M. Ziehrer. Lyrics by Matthew Woodward. Produced September 18 with this cast:

Count Wildenberg, William Pruette; Countess Wildenberg, Elsa Ryan; Baroness von Bernau, Flora Zabelle; Guido Spini, Robert Warwick; Leopold Fuhringer, Charles Bigelow; Kathi, Eva Davenport; Antschi, Adele Rowland; Paul von Gervais, Martin Brown; Marquis Roget, George Pauncefort; Brissard, Robert Milliken; Jacques, Oscar Schwarz; Lady Helene, Lillian Wiggins; Mlle. Florine, Olga Hempstone; Lady Henrietta, Mae Allen; Madame Ritzi, Mildred Manners; An American Girl, Ethel Weir; Bertram, Robert Milliken.

There was one period, not so very remote, when it seemed as if the popular interest in comic opera and musical comedy was on the wane. Not so now. "The Merry Widow" started a renascence, and if the exponents of the legitimate are not careful it will not be long before the majority of our metropolitan stages are given over to singing comedians, vocalizing soubrettes and pulchritudinous showgirls. In these particulars the present season has started off with a rush. The American, the British and the Viennese composers are all in violent demand, and the swish of skirts—tights long since disappeared—and the lilt of the intoxicating waltz may be heard throughout the length and breadth of Broadway,

Now at the Casino we have "The Kiss Waltz," from the land of Franz Josef. The production is characteristically Shubertian. That is to say, the costumes designed by Melville Ellis are handsome in texture and harmonious in color; the women who wear them are young and pretty; the players are capable and expert, and the backgrounds are appropriately decorative. The book is by the hard-working Edgar Smith. It is not a triumph of technical ingenuity, nor native wit, but it serves its purpose, and the interpolated specialties are varied and amusing.

ASTOR. "WHAT THE DOCTOR ORDERED." Comedy in three acts by A. E. Thomas. Produced September 20th.

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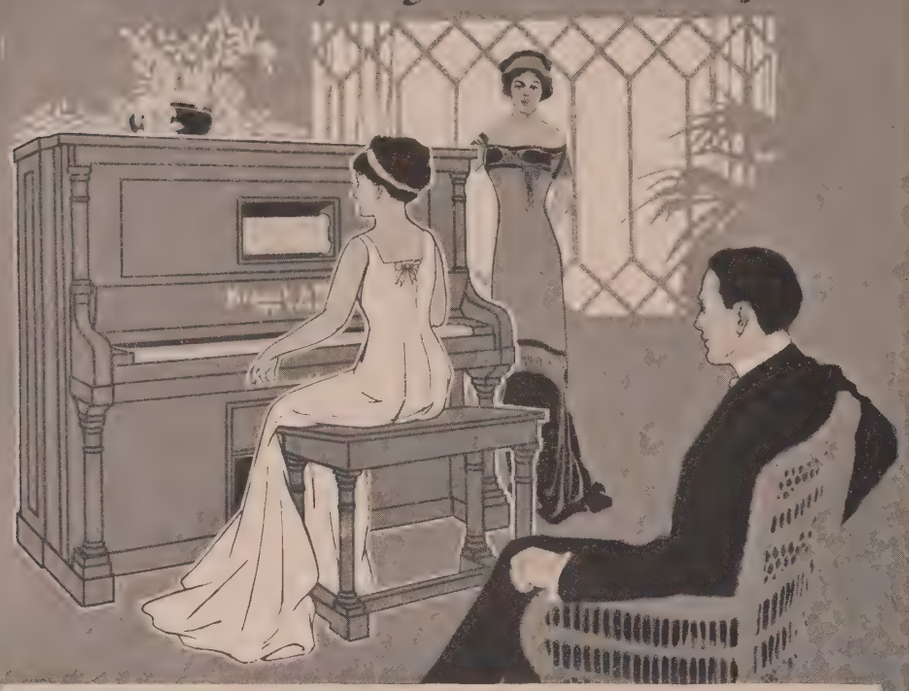

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make them subjects of mirth in a play. It depends upon the point of view and a variety of circumstances, if we find ourselves amused at a scene in which husband and wife vie with one another, at dinner, in throwing the plates out of the window. This is an incident that brought the curtain down on the first act of "What the Doctor Ordered." It would be unfair to say that the scene was entirely without comic effect. In another scene the husband moves across the way from a room which he had been occupying with his wife. His struggles with the bureau drawer, burdened with miscellaneous articles of his attire were, with the comic action of Mr. Fritz Williams, provocative of laughter. When husband and wife communicate with one another by means of messages written on their child's blackboard, he finally writing, "We strive to please," she replying, in chalk, with finality, "Go to ——," the novelty and the spirit of it were not wholly depressing. The farcical intent did not altogether fail of effect. There was ingenuity in the scenes in which the wife's mother sympathized with her son-in-law, and when the son's mother sympathized with the daughter-in-law. Indeed, here and there, there were touches of naturalness and true comedy. And yet the play failed.

GEO. M. COHAN'S. "THE LITTLE MILLIONAIRE." Musical farce in three acts by Geo. M. Cohan. Produced September 25th.

One must concede that George M. Cohan has talent. He has nimble legs, and he writes neat jingles of a popular kind. He also knows how to sing his ditties in a way that sends his numerous followers into ecstasies of admiration. This granted, Mr. Cohan has received about all the credit coming to him. No—we forgot—he is also a specialist in the art of rolling up his eyes and talking through his nose, talents which have earned for him the title "Yankee-doodle Comedian" (whatever that may mean), a distinction shrewdly helped along by the adoption of the United States flag as the trade mark of this particular actor.

All these peculiarities and characteristics have endeared George M. Cohan to his special public. For there is a Cohan public just as there is a John Drew public and a Maude Adams public, only it is not quite so select. The Cohanites are not exacting in their demands. They'll applaud anything, accept anything, so long as it bears the Cohan stamp. Plenty of noise, wild waving of the stars and stripes, a slim comedian full of impudent self-assurance, his eyes half closed, hopping about the stage, and they'll yell themselves hoarse. Otherwise, how explain the vogue of "The Little Millionaire," which some enthusiastic scribes have declared the best thing George has ever done? It is not. If Cohan's reputation rested on this piece, he would never have come to own his own theatre on Broadway. It is the usual Cohan musical salad, only with a little less dressing than usual. To recount the plot were to waste the reader's time. It is hackneyed nonsense, with scenes thrown together in the crudest manner. The chorus is unattractive, and has little to do. Interest is lacking from the start, and the auditor yawns long before the end is reached. When the star himself holds the centre of the stage the piece moves along. A human dynamo of nervous energy, Cohan keeps things hustling in his own characteristic style, but what of it? What does all the fooling, the stereotyped scenes and commonplace dialogue amount to if the play has, so to speak, not a leg to stand upon? The best part in the piece, that of a fat man who stumbles into everybody's way, is capitally acted by Tom Lewis, who has practically all the second act to himself. Lila Rhodes, a graceful and pleasing young lady, is Mr. Cohan's dancing partner.

THE PLAYHOUSE. "THE RACK." A play of social inquisition in four acts by Thompson Buchanan. Produced September 15th.

This piece, which did not enjoy a long life on Broadway, contained nevertheless some strong, if melodramatic, situations. The principal scene showed a woman put through a grilling cross-examination in a court room. A husband, jealous of his wife, follows her to a restaurant, and finds her in company with a gay Lothario. Prior to the husband's arrival, there has been some passionate love-making. The wife repels the admirer's advances. Then comes a disturbance at the door. The man goes out, revolver in hand. There is a shot, and he staggers in mortally wounded. The wife goes home. The husband thinks she shot the man; she thinks he did it. As a matter of fact, it was a third party, a man whose wife had once been wronged by the same villain. The trial scene, with its attendant torture on the witness stand, follows. Katherine Grey did some good emotional work as the wife.

Peg Woffington

Augustin Daly's "Life of Peg Woffington," which he modestly designates as a tribute, is one of the most sincere and discriminating bits of biography ever written of an actress. It is complete as a record, and, in its rejection of unverified tattle, all its facts bear every impress of authenticity. Singularly enough, a worthy biography of her was lacking when Mr. Daly's interest in his subject and his sympathies with this most interesting figure of the stage prompted him to prepare his tribute. Mr. Daly was a famous collector, and, with the letters and portraits secured by him, supplemented by the collections of others, he was enabled to include in his volume prints and documents which are made public for the first time in a book. The subject had a fascination for him, and he builded well for his own memory in preparing this volume. He put his artistic sense into the preparation of it. It is exceedingly handsome in its typography and its illustrations, a large quarto, bound in morocco. Of Peg Woffington alone there are twelve portraits, from her earliest to her last. There is a complete list of parts acted by her. Mr. Daly's explanation of why her career has not been the subject of a volume worthy of her in the past is interesting. He says: "Perhaps it is because the triumphs of the heroines of comedy do not stimulate the efforts of serious biographies—for biographers are a serious lot." This does not imply that Mr. Daly was inclined to write lightly. He had a just appreciation of her character and of her achievements. His own productions were mainly of comedy, and he makes the observation that conscientious comedy acting exhausts the performer, taxing the resources of genius to the utmost—the art of concealing art being there necessarily required in perfection: "The tragic actor who fumes and frets and struts and bellows forth his passion has absolutely not exhausted himself half so much as the comedian, who, with ease and naturalness, has just charmed us, and whose art appears so simple and so light and facile." This is, indeed, illuminating as to the sincere appreciation of a practical manager, and this little tribute alone gives the tone to the volume. This is the second edition, and published in a form worthy in every way of Augustin Daly's cherished purpose.

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Ignace Jan Paderewski, the most gifted and remarkable pianist the world has ever known, has agreed to make records exclusively for the Victor during a long term of years; and the first two of the records produced under this agreement are now offered to the world. Two numbers which are always prime favorites at the Paderewski concerts have been chosen by him for his first representation in the Victor lists. The first is the graceful valse, which at his concerts always forms part of the eagerly awaited Chopin group, without which no recital is ever complete. The second is the familiar and beloved minuet, which the virtuoso does not usually include in his printed programmes. He is always obliged to play it, nevertheless, after the impetuous rush of excited femininity which always takes place at the close of the concerts; while the somberer members of the audience sit quietly and expectantly in their seats, waiting for the extra numbers which the artist always good-naturedly plays. The Paderewski who plays to us in these records is the same Paderewski as of yore—with his wonderful delicacy of touch, his beautifully singing tone, his moods and eccentricities, and his power to stir the emotions and charm the senses of his hearers. He has merely become simpler and more dignified—his magnetism is as wonderful as of old. The Paderewski engagement is further evidence of the Victor's fixed policy—which is to secure for its patrons the greatest and best in every phase of music. Valse Brilliante, Op. 34, No. 1 (Chopin); Minuet in G, Op. 14, No. 1 (Paderewski). Another treat is a splendid presentation of Bizet's "Carmen," by Victor Light Opera Company.—Chorus, "Here They Are." Solo and chorus, "Habanera" (Love is Like a Bird). Duet, "Again He Sees His Village Home." Sextette, "Our Chosen Trade." Solo and chorus, "Toreador Song." Finale. An amazing number of the most popular bits of Bizet's masterpieces have been crowded into this attractively arranged potpourri, which shows both the skill of Mr. Rogers and the remarkable talent of the Opera Company. Only such an organization as that of the Victor, which stands absolutely alone among record-making bodies, could successfully cope with the difficulties of Bizet's score. The record is one of the most striking and brilliant of the series.

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Photo White ALICE LLOYD

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MLLE. SYLVES

Evening gown of white satin, veiled with black mousseline de soie. The tunic is embroidered with beads and cabochons of jet

Fashion's Favorites in Outline and Accessories

WHAT a whirl the last six weeks has been to the inditer of fashion news! It has been a rush here, a wild journey there, and a mad scramble in another direction, all in order not to miss some heralded display of veritable Paris models.

And, after all this endeavor, the results can be summed up in a few words. The fashionable silhouette is to remain much what we have been accustomed to during the past six months. Changes in fashion there are to be sure, but they consist mostly in details of ornamentation, in harmonious combinations of color, and last, but by no means least, in the new materials.

Laces and nets are used in greater profusion than for many a year. The finest of washable nets are used for guimpes and high stock collars, which are generally boned with the admirable Eve collar supports, for these guimpes are intended for frequent visits to the tub, and everything that goes into their make-up must be of the washable variety. The one exception to this rule is the thin flesh-colored silk lining, and, of course, when that is used frequent washings are not so essential. However, if China silk is selected for this lining, and it is, indeed, the favorite, it will stand the test of washing quite as well as do the good quality nets and the Eve collar supports.

At one of the best tailoring establishments on "the avenue," I recently overheard a customer questioning the rough woven cloth that was being recommended for her suit. "Of course," answered the well versed saleswoman, "this cloth will rough up a little, but I assure you, madam, that it is only the rough cloths that are being ordered by the smartest women for tailored suits and long coats." Needless to say the order was placed on the fashionable cloth. And why not? These new cloths are light in weight yet warm, and if they should rough up a bit that only adds to their smart appearance.

Some of the nattiest of the new cloths for motor coats are the new Priestley duffle fleece cloths. These are double-faced fabrics, and since they have been subjected to the cravenetting process are highly desirable for steamer use as well as for general wear. I was more than surprised the other day to come across a would-be tailor to the smart set, who did not know the Priestley fabrics by name, yet in his sample book I found plenty of them, including the English gabardines that are now so much used for riding habits. These, too, are cravenetted, so that the rider need have no fear of being caught out in a downpour of rain. For the cravenetting process makes any cloth impervious to rain and really damp-proof, yet at the same time light and warm. Cravenetted cloths are best for all garments intended for rainy-day wear, since they do not induce rheumatism, which is so often the accompaniment of rubber garments, due to the fact that any garment made in part of rubber must, in the nature of things, be non-porous, and thus they make for an unnatural flow of perspiration.

I was pleased to see that in the Gimbel display of Paris model garments the natty riding habits were made of the cravenetted English gabardines. These were in the Oxford mixtures that are near black and in gray mixed tweeds. With both were worn tan calf riding boots, and the new straight-rimmed derby hats. Personally, I should have preferred black boots with the dark cloths as being more elegant and more correct.

Photo Felix

MLLE. ROSNY
An evening wrap of ermine without tails

One of the most stunning models in this Gimbel collection of correct styles was from Callot Soeurs, and was a tailored suit in the extreme of the picturesque Louis XV style. It was eminently suited for afternoon visits when these are not to be made afoot, for the narrow skirt lay several inches on the ground. Of course, the skirt might be made shorter, but then that would take away somewhat from its grace and picturesqueness. For with the longer skirt the wearer must pick it up in front with the left hand extended, thus making a few lovely folds in the otherwise plain skirt. The jacket was of the cutaway type, and be it said cutaways never, for some unknown reason, are popular in readymade garments. That is probably why that the women to whom they are becoming always rejoice when fashion favors them.

This particular jacket was some thirty-six inches long in the back, and sloped up to nothing at the waistline in front. The side fronts of the coat skirts seemed to be made in triplicate, so that there were three pretty and graceful slopes toward the back. Big revers of the rough gray cloth finished the front of the jacket. With this charming costume was worn a gray beaver hat trimmed with sweeping ostrich plumes of the same shade. A reversible evening coat was the heighth of luxury, being made of ermine, trimmed with sealskin, and lined with black and gold brocade.

Velvet continues to be one of the most fashionable materials. Plain velvets share favor with striped designs. In the latter, two-tone stripes are popular, and are particularly desirable for afternoon costumes and tailored suits. White corduroy promises to be one of the much favored materials for afternoon occasions. Indeed, it looks now as though white would be the most fashionable color for winter afternoons. White cloth, corduroy and satin are

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Photo Felix MLLE. J. VIX
Lace and embroidery over white charmeuse. The bodice is embroidered with gold

the materials strongly indicated for afternoon occasions. An excellent substitute for satin or cloth would be the white silk warp Henrietta. The all white toilette will be correct, but even more fashionable will be the white costume trimmed with dark fur or velvet. A few French models are shown trimmed with chinchilla, but this fur does not seem to harmonize so well with white as do dark brown or black furs.

It is remarkable how the tailored street dress has gained in favor. This is a one-piece, button front dress, that takes on something of the air of a handsomely ornamented coat. It is seen daily on the avenue in velvet, rough cloth, satin and serge. It is strong testimony to the good sense of American women that they have so generally adopted this style of dress, for surely there is nothing more becoming and smart than one of these simple dresses when well made and cut. And be it said in passing that there is nothing shows up a poor cut and make more quickly. Faults of workmanship cannot be concealed in this type of costume.

Also, one must be well corsetted to wear these smart street dresses. To-day there is absolutely no excuse for the American woman who is not well corsetted. It may interest the readers of the THEATRE MAGAZINE to know that Franklin Simon's has recently opened a corset department, under the direction of an expert corsetiere, a woman who knows her trade from A to Z. You can find there corsets at almost any price, and many novelties that are not to be found elsewhere. For instance, there is the tricot corset; another with the upper part made entirely of elastic, and intended for singers, but which would surely be most comfortable for any woman of athletic proclivities. Another oddity, which appeals to me as one likely to find favor with slim women who desire to follow the extreme fashion tendency regarding the uncorsetted figure, is the abdominal belt made of tricot. This extends from the waistline to well below the hips, so that there is perfect freedom for the body. However, despite the heralding of the uncorsetted figure as the fashionable one, the majority of corsets are quite as long below the waist as ever before, but they are generally made with the low bust, so that some form of brassiere is necessary for any but the very slim figures.

I do wish some women would learn to lace their corsets sufficiently tight about the lower edge that the bones would not show through their dresses. To do away with this fault it is well to begin the lacing process from the bottom up. No woman need expect to present a trim and natty appearance, or to have her corset retain its shape who does not unlace it before she takes it off, and lace it after she has adjusted it into position on her. The foundation of good dressing is a good corset, but even a good corset loses its qualities if it is not properly cared for.

To go from one extreme to the other, the new veils are most fascinating. The latest decree from Paris is the champagne-colored veil. The designs are at least the size of a half dollar, and often there is a slight tracery of black on the champagne ground. And, oh, the becomingness of these veils, particularly when worn with large hats.

Hats go from one extreme to the other. Either they are very large, or quite the smallest hats we have had yet. Many of the earlier models were ridiculous with their extremely high crowns, but these have been mostly relegated to the cheaper grades. For runabout hats velour is the accepted favorite. In a fine quality these hats are so soft and lovely that they can be dented to any desired shape. Women are gradually coming to realize that even when they wear shapes that are well pulled down over the head they must show some hair in order to soften the contours of the face. The hair is mostly pulled out after the hat is in position, and example, one hat may require the hair to be pulled out only at one so pulled out as to suit the outlines of both face and hat. For

Photo Felix MLLE. NICOLE DE MOUNTJOYE
Gown of black taffeta, with large collar of ermine, outlined with skunk. The toque of ermine and skunk is decorated with a bouquet made of silk flowers

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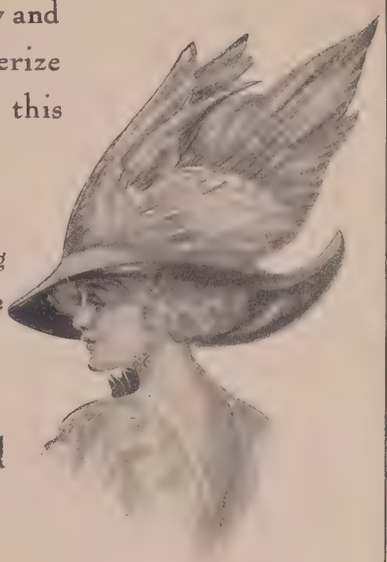

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side of the face, while another requires that it shall show at both sides. In other words, we are fast coming to realize that the hat is intended to set off the beauty of the face beneath. Never has there been such a vast range of shapes shown by the fashionable milliners. One cannot but wonder that the fertile imaginations which have conceived so many designs.

Ornaments for hats consist of ostrich plumes, aigrettes, birds of paradise, and tiny roses. Later on there will be a great use of fur, both for trimmings and for entire hats. Even now there are to be seen a number of handsome models trimmed with narrow fur bands. These bands edge the brim and surround the crown.

At a private view of some imported gowns the other day I noticed that the models wore Louis XV black satin pumps with cloth tailor-made suits. A lady near me gasped, and openly commented upon the solecism committed. However, fearing that I might be prejudiced, and a bit one-sided in my criticism, I sought the opinion of Mr. Slater, the recognized authority on correct styles in shoes, who said:

"Yes, there are many women who are wearing satin pumps for walking purposes, but you are quite right in believing that this is a fault. There is nothing handsomer than a satin shoe, slipper or pump. Satin holds the same place to the foot that diamonds do to the neck, ears and hair. There is nothing finer than diamond ornaments, so there is nothing finer than satin footwear, and both should only be worn for dress occasions. Satin and velvet pumps are appropriate for carriage and evening wear, and the well-dressed woman will never adopt them for the street."

For the street, Slater is showing smart styles in patent leather and black Russian calf boots with cloth uppers. For the woman who can have any number of boots there are dark gray and a soft peculiar shade of tan cloth tops. These are made in two styles, one with the leather foxing extending all around the boot, the other with only a half foxing, that is, the part around the heel is of cloth. This gives the effect of a cloth gaiter, but is much trimmer, and makes the foot look smaller than does a gaiter. These styles also come in all black, and are equally attractive.

Satin slippers and hose to match the gown will be correct for evening wear, as will also cloth of gold and silver slippers. In black patent leather slippers the novelty is the touch of color. This is shown in the colored heel and the matching color of velvet or silk showing in the centre of the small rhinestone buckle. The high military heel is correct for street wear, and the Louis XV heel for carriage and evening purposes. Changeable silk stockings are among the novelties adopted by well-dressed women. Clocks continue in favor, and are generally of the same color as the stocking. Two-tone striped stockings in Bedford cord effect are worn with tailored suits of matching color. Two shades of blue, and two of tan are the greatest favorites in these novel hose.

White washable doeskin gloves are much worn with tailored suits for both morning and afternoon occasions. The one-button glove can be had in a good quality for one dollar and fifty cents. The elbow length gloves in white doeskin are two dollars and twenty-five cents a pair. My own experience is that when properly washed doeskin does not shrink, as it is not necessary to buy these gloves any larger than usual, but then, perhaps, I ought to add that for street wear I always wear a size larger than I do in dress gloves, as one uses one's hands more freely and requires more room.

Doeskin gloves should be washed on the hand with a pure soap, so a glove expert informed me. They should be rinsed in one or two tepid waters, and as much of the water wrung from the gloves as is possible, while they are still on the hands. After that they should be gently pulled off, and wrung out in a towel. Then blow into each glove, so as to puff them out, and carefully turn each finger inside out. This is done in order that the gloves may dry without streaking. With a little forethought any girl can thus always be provided with a fresh pair of white gloves.

For dress occasions pale gray and biscuit shades in suede are the most elegant. They are suitable with costumes of almost any color. Many women, however, prefer glacé gloves, and those are the greatest favorites in black and white. White glacé gloves have the advantage of cleaning well, which is not always the case with suede.

American dressmakers are more and more copying the manners and customs of the Parisians, and there is no establishment where this French atmosphere is better preserved than at Joseph's. In his costume department he has a miniature stage on which the models walk back and forth exhibiting the evening gowns under the most brilliant electric light. He may not have such a large collection of imported models as are shown elsewhere, but all are selected with rare good taste and judgment that comes with long experience of catering to exacting American women. One of his gowns that I much admired, though it was really quite simple, was a little dinner or evening frock of chameleon lavender satin. It was made with a skirt which just touched the ground all round, and the semblance of fullness was given it by the dainty trimming of pinked taffeta ruchings. These were applied in rather an involved design to a heavy net of the same shade as the taffeta, so that at a short distance the effect was of the ruching sewed directly to the taffeta. But the use of the net gave a much softer and more artistic effect than would have been produced had the ruchings been applied directly to the silk.

Velvet three-piece suits shown here generally have the bodices made of a combination of chiffon and net, with sometimes a touch

Photo Felix

MLLE. BRUNIN
A wonderful wrap, with muff to match, of seal, trimmed with sable

FLINT'S FINE FURNITURE

UNEXCELLED FOR RELIABILITY AND MODERATE COST

In Library, Living-room or Den the fireplace is naturally the central point in the general scheme of decoration. Whatever else may be sacrificed to convention or economy, the hearth must have its Easy Chair or Davenport before the fire.

From the collection of Leather, Tapestry and Velour Upholstered pieces which we have now on view, it is easy to select old-time "Wing Chairs," "Club Chairs," Rockers or Davenports adapted to the fullest comfort, and at PRICES WITHIN THE PURCHASING POWER OF ALL.

Our TRADEMARK and SEVENTY YEARS' REPUTATION is your GUARANTEE.

GEO. C. FLINT CO.

43-47 WEST 23rd ST.

24-28 WEST 24th ST.

Getting a shoe that fits is not a matter of chance.

The proper fit of a shoe depends almost entirely upon the skill of the manufacturer. The quality of leathers, method of tanning, the accuracy of cutting, method of sewing—these are what produce well-fitting shoes. In the

THOMAS CORT SHOES

the fashionable style and custom-like fit is produced by using only the finest selected skins, long time tanned; uppers and vamps are fitted by hand and all edges are hand skived or shaved, so that seams are absolutely smooth. This makes a shoe that moulds to the foot with glove-like smoothness and comfort.

We want to prove to you that the Thomas Cort is the most stylish, perfect-fitting and economical shoe you can buy. One pair will do it. $8 upwards. Let us tell you where the fashionable Thomas Cort Hand-Sewed Shoes may be seen and critically compared.

Write for Style Brochure.

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NEWARK, N. J.

MARTIN & MARTIN
1 East 35th St., New York

BOULADOU
39 Rue de Chaillot, Paris

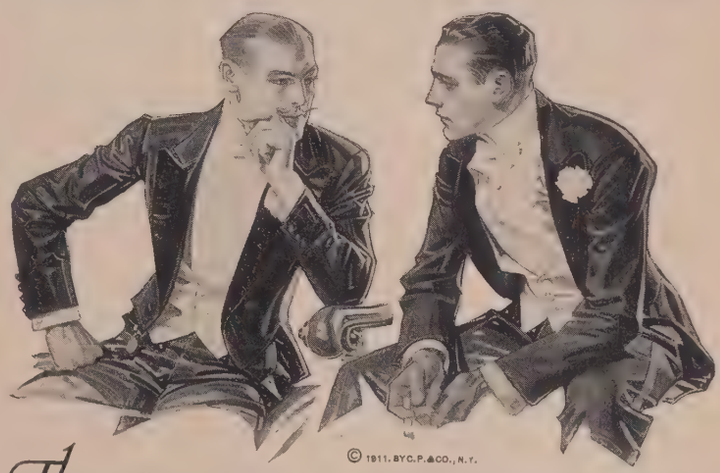
Peau De Chamois

Peau de Chamois, the *dernier cri* in fabrics for fashionable women's wear, is one of the handsomest dress materials ever offered for sale in America.

An exclusive and protracted vogue for Peau de Chamois can be counted on by women of fashion, because it is impossible to imitate this fabric for the popular trade.

The Haas Blue Books of exclusive model fabrics (which are the standard for quality and style), together with the Haas Blue Book devoted exclusively to Peau de Chamois, can be seen at all fashionable dressmakers and women's tailors throughout America.

HAAS BROTHERS, Paris
303 Fifth Avenue New York



The DONCHESTER

These men are equally well dressed—equally refined in appearance. The difference is that one has a bulging bosom shirt, and the other wears the DONCHESTER, the Cluett Dress Shirt that will not bulge.

$2 to $3

Send for Donchester booklet
CLUETT, PEABODY & CO.
467 River Street, Troy, N. Y.

Photo Felix

MME. R. DU MINIL

Princess gown in Parma violet satin, with guimpe and undersleeves of ancient embroidery

of velvet to carry out the trimming scheme on the skirt. A black velvet evening gown of rich Lyons velvet had a side and back panel of heavy gold lace. Another in black crêpe meteore was handsomely ornamented with dull silver lace

There are all sorts of pretty conceits in jewelry that are both useful and decorative, and which are intended to be worn with tailored suits and little dresses. One of the newest is a lovely little enamel locket, from the size of a five-cent piece to that of a quarter, and the cost is only about five dollars. These are French novelties brought over by a jeweler who has a Paris establishment, and who always has the day after to-morrow fashions in jewelry. With the enamel of a color to harmonize with the hat trimmings, these lockets are just the thing to hang from a fine gold chain and to wear with the street frocks having thin net guimpes.

Then there are long, slender bar-pins for fastening the wide lace frills that everyone is now wearing on the lingerie blouses which accompany their plainer tailor-mades. I think it would be much more graceful to let these side frills droop a bit, but I notice that most of the girls are stretching them tight across the chest, and pinning them outside the left side of their coats. Both bar-pins and stick-pins are used to keep the frills in place. Speaking of frills, some of these dainty white blouses are finished with tight, narrow, buttoned cuffs, and lace ruffles which fall half way over the hands. That is, indeed, a pretty style, for it makes the hand appear both smaller and whiter.

Unique ideas in jewelry for day wear are more sought for than costly and elaborate ornaments. I had the good fortune to meet a woman jeweler the other day, a woman who is really an artist in her line, and does much of her own work. She showed me some stunning necklaces set with semi-precious stones, and her earrings are delightful. There are small cabochon stones, and long, dangling earrings of reconstructed pearls that can be had for such modest sums as five or ten dollars. You can pick out your own unset stones, and she will set them while you wait. She also resets stones, and making her own designs produces individual jewelry that is truly lovely. One woman who went in to see her stated that she wanted earrings which would enable her to wear an all black hat. "Black above the face is no longer becoming to me, I need something to lighten up my face." At once the woman jeweler suggested pearls as being stones which could be worn both day and evening, or if the earrings were only for street wear, then she recommended an odd Russian stone, green in color, that looked something like a green turquoise. My friend was so pleased with the trying-on of both stones that she ordered a pair of each.

Another dainty fashion in useful jewelry is the wearing of the small gold or silver-rimmed lorgnettes hung around the neck by means of a narrow black moiré ribbon, which is just sufficiently long to permit of raising the glasses to the eyes. These glasses, with frames, are never more than five inches long, and some are scarcely three. Some of the more faddish of women wear only a single glass. The settings are generally of the style which obtained among the beaux of the time of Beau Brummel and Beau Nash, and with their wide lace shirt frills and wrist ruffles, and plain tailored suits, the women who adopt these styles really bear quite a resemblance to those coxcombs of the olden time, when the dress of all men was so much more artistic than it is to-day.

Wide ribbon and metal lace bands will continue to be worn in

Photo Felix

MLLE. PIERNETTE

Gown of grey charmeuse, with overdress of darker gray mousseline embroidered with beads

"I much prefer Hinds Honey and Almond Cream for the complexion—it is so delightful to use—so pleasant in its action."

There is nothing to equal Hinds Honey and Almond Cream for keeping the skin soft and the complexion clear in cool weather.—Dry, rough, irritated skin responds immediately to its cooling, soothing influence.

HINDS Honey and Almond CREAM

used every day will prevent any discomfort from chapping, windburn and exposure to the weather. It imparts to the skin a girlish softness and freshness, and will retard any tendency to small wrinkles.

Hinds Honey and Almond Cream is guaranteed not to injure even the most delicate skin,—is not greasy or sticky,—will not cause a growth of hair.

For many years mothers have found Hinds Honey and Almond Cream a most grateful relief for chafing, rash and other skin ailments of babies.

MEN WHO SHAVE find that Hinds Honey and Almond Cream makes the daily shave a real pleasure—soothes irritation and prevents dry skin—relieves cuts immediately.

Price 50 cents a bottle. Sold everywhere or mailed postpaid by us if not obtainable. Be sure to get the genuine Hinds Honey and Almond Cream—Do not accept a substitute.

Trial bottle sent free on request.

A. S. HINDS **95 West Street, Portland, Maine**

R&T DOLLAR PRINCESS

MORE beauty, style and intrinsic value were never combined with economy than is developed in the new dress silk fabric "R & T DOLLAR PRINCESS." It is 36 inches wide and sells for $1.00 the yard. It is made in 78 shades and is perfectly adapted for day or evening wear, and its shimmering brilliancy and beautiful draping quality give it the appearance of a silk of much higher cost. With "DOLLAR PRINCESS" an extra gown or two may be added to the wardrobe at little expense, yet with abundance of satisfaction.

Sold in all good stores.
Ask your dealer and look for name
"R & T DOLLAR PRINCESS"
on the selvage.
MADE BY
ROGERS THOMPSON GIVERNAUD CO.
Fourth Avenue at Twenty-fourth St., NEW YORK

GENUINE R&T SILKS

"Genuine R&T Silks"
are made in every variety of Silk demanded by fashion, and our brand on the selvage or wrapper of **any** Silk is your positive guarantee that you are getting the very best in point of **style** and **value** that your money can buy.

GENUINE R&T SILKS

Rexall
"93" HAIR TONIC
Two Sizes, 50c. and $1.00
Keeps scalp and hair clean - promotes hair health
Your Money Back if it Doesn't
Sold and guaranteed by only one Druggist in a place. Look for *The Rexall Stores*
They are the Druggists in over 4000 towns and cities in the United States and Canada
MYERS DRUG CO., BOSTON, MASS. CHICAGO, ILL. TORONTO, CANADA

For over a third of a century
WOODBURY'S
has been the skin soap.

Read the wrapper

EVERY skin that is not fresh and active—rough skin: sallowness; conspicuous pores; blackheads; pimples; dandruff—all have a definite cause, and, in almost every instance, this cause can be removed.

On the 12 page wrapper around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, the reasons for all the common skin troubles are given, and the proper treatment to relieve them.

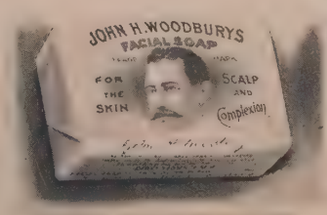
Woodbury's Facial Soap, used in conjunction with the treatment given on the wrapper, will bring permanent relief. The feeling that Woodbury's gives your skin the first time you use it, is a promise of what the steady use of it will do.

Write today for samples

For 4c. we send a sample cake. For 10c. samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Woodbury's Facial Cream and Woodbury's Facial Powder. For 50c. a copy of the Woodbury Book on the care of the skin and scalp, with samples of the Woodbury preparations. Write to-day. The Andrew Jergens Company, Dept. F, Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, O.

Woodbury's Facial Soap

For sale by dealers everywhere



LENTHÉRIC

The King of Perfumers

245 RUE ST. HONORÉ

PARIS

THE LADY IN BLACK PERFUME

Full of charm, grace, mystery and beauty is the "Lady in Black," whose delicate profile, modestly veiled and executed by an artist hand, appears on the dainty crystal bottle. It is the perfume of the Lady in Black, drawn with such power by the celebrated novelist, Gaston Leroux, in his story, which sleeps, subtle, penetrating, mysterious, between the narrow confines of this flask. You remember well in the novel? It is a unique perfume, which at each gesture throws off an atmosphere of trouble and adoration! It is a perfume which gives to she who uses it such irresistible charm that one cannot separate the sauvity of the aroma from the seduction of the woman. It is a perfume that one cannot forget, which follows one like an obsession of love, a perfume which makes one relive the happy hours and falls upon the heart like an adorable dew, the perfumed drops of memory.

Such a perfume was too precious to be permitted to escape, and here it is, filled with sunshine-like liquid gold. From the moment it appeared, all the fashionable women, all the leading actresses, adopted it and made it the favorite on their toilet table. All mystery, charm, beauty, it is a perfume which pierces all veils, captivates the mind, sways the heart, envelopes the soul with its penetrating and subtle odors.

LENTHÉRIC

245 RUE ST. HONORÉ

PARIS

the hair for evening. It is a trying style, unless the hair is arranged by an adept hair-dresser. The home-made headdress nine times out of ten makes the wearer look as though she was just ready to do the morning's sweeping. Another amusing style is the way the fancy feathers are posed on some hats. They are fastened to the left side, but in such a way as to be almost parallel to the hat, and stick out beyond it for several inches. I wonder why it is that so few women look at the sides and back of their heads when they are selecting a new hat. One cannot always have a hat of the same becomingness at the front, sides and back, so why not sacrifice the front once in a while, and give the sides a chance? Any good milliner knows how to take care of the back, or a different arrangement of the hair will take care of that. But why a good profile outline should be so frequently neglected passes understanding.

HARRIET EDWARDS FAYES.

Facts Worth Knowing

We will gladly answer any inquiry, giving names of shops where these articles are shown or sold, providing a stamped envelope is enclosed.

Women who are troubled with brittle nails and hangnails would do well to make use of two reliable preparations. Those whose nails break and split should never use the buffer. They should apply a liquid polish, which imparts only a delicate tint to the nails, strengthens them, and enhances the natural gloss. This polish is quickly applied by means of a small camel's-hair brush, and does not need to be renewed for two or three days. The other preparation is one which softens and removes dead cuticle, thus doing away to a great extent with the use of the cuticle knife or scissors. It also cleanses the nails and removes stains from both fingers and nails. It is readily applied by means of an orange stick.

So many women are addicted to the use of liquid toilet powder that it is well they should know that there has recently been prepared a liquid powder of the natural skin tint, which is certainly a great improvement on the dead white powder that has hitherto been the only color obtainable. This tinted powder is warranted pure by the maker, whose other preparations are used by many specialists throughout the country.

A new bath crystal, certain to be approved by all those whose psychic color is lavender, turns the water a lovely shade so soon as it is dissolved therein. These crystals are said to contain many of the efficient qualities contained in the waters of many of the world-famous spas, so that by using these crystals one can have at home the beneficial results that accrue from a sojourn at one of the European watering-places. They are said to be good for tired and inflamed nerves, and for an irritated skin. They are specially recommended to those who suffer from skin eruptions, for by their use water can be freely used upon the irritated skin.

Now that the majority of women are refurbishing their homes in preparation for the social season, or are cudjelling their brains in the effort to produce handsome, yet not over expensive Christmas gifts, the new Japanese gold and silk brocades are worthy of consideration. These are in lovely combinations of brown and gold, with a touch of black, are twenty-seven inches wide and cost only $5 and $5.50 a yard. They are used for hangings, couch pillows and piano covers. For sash curtains for even the handsomest of drawing-rooms there is nothing more suitable than the Japanese gauze brocades. These are in a number of exquisite shades, and cost $2 a yard. Less expensive sash curtains can be made of a new lattice edged with lace that may be had in fifty-two inch width for $1 a yard. A fish net design in fifty-two inch

A New Perfume for Vantine

The J. & J. Slater Shoe

IS markedly distinctive—every model shown is the individual creation of craftsmen skilled in carrying out fashion's dictates.

Newest styles for every function—dancing, morning and evening wear, golfing, hunting, automobiling.

The J. & J. Slater custom-made department especially appeals to those who insist upon a "made-to-measure" shoe.

New illustrated price list, "A Package of Shoes," with book of instructions and measurement blank mailed on request.

J. & J. Slater
Broadway, at 25th Street
New York

London Plumes

These Five Ostrich Heads for $18.75

This hat is trimmed with five Prince of Wales heads which are so thick and full that they make a *wonderful showing*. The body of the plumes is three-ply and the head five-ply of the finest quality of ostrich. They are from 15 to 16 inches long, but bent so that they are double. Women who have seen this hat could scarcely believe that the plumes cost only $18.75. They make the hat look like a $75 hat if bought in the regular way from a milliner.

This effect can also be secured with two groups of three tips each at $4.50 a bunch, making $9 for six tips.

Money put into plumes is money well invested. Unlike all other hat trimmings, they can be used winter and summer, year after year. They are always fashionable.

London Plumes are sold at very much lower prices than you would think such a quality could be bought for. Our customers are astonished at the plumes they can get for $3.75, $5.75, $6.75 and $10.75. Women write us they have tried everywhere and have never seen plumes which in *beauty and price* in any way compare with London Plumes.

Use these Heads on Your Winter Hat

We will express these five heads (wired ready for trimming if requested) prepaid for any order enclosing $13.75. Or six tips for $9. If not more than satisfactory, return the feathers and your money will be refunded without question. Order today. Address all mail to Dept. L.

"Fashions in Feathers" mailed upon request

London Feather Company
London Feather Bldg., 21 W. 34th St., N. Y.
Dealers in Principal Cities

Cordova Hand Bag, Style No. 2, Renaissance Motif, Equipt with Combined Card Case and Purse

Cordova Hand Bags

are dainty, distinctive, artistic, different. The designs are all hand-worked. Your monogram may be modeled into the leather with wonderfully unique effect. Words fail to describe the exquisite soft color blendings. The process is a secret; the result a soft richness equal to a painter's masterpiece. Patena shades, *i.e.*, skillfully blended bronze and green, unless otherwise ordered.

We make over 1,000 regular articles, and to order almost anything which may properly be executed in leather. Each piece is an enduring heirloom if it bears this imprint

Cordova Shop
Buffalo

Cordova Russia Calf Bag, Wild Berry Motif, Style 487M-19

If your jeweler, stationer, art or other high-grade store cannot supply Cordova Leather Goods, write us for booklet and prices.

THE CORDOVA SHOPS
28 West Huron St., Buffalo, N. Y.

THE appellation "Natural Loveliness" most befittingly describes the delicacy and velvety appearance of the complexions of those women who visit our salon for their beauty treatments. Some of the prettiest women of fashionable New York come in regularly at least once a week—that's why they keep pretty.

These women require the best beauty aids that money can buy. They have used our "Grecian Preparations" exclusively for years, which is the highest assurance that they have found them purer and more effective than they had ever dreamed that toilet helps could be made. Among the many favorite aids they use at home are:

GRECIAN DIANA CREAM
for giving graceful curves to the neck and plumpness to the shoulders and bust, removes wrinkles, lines, dark blotches, collar marks. Exceedingly effective if used with Grecian Muscle Oil.
Three sizes—**50c., $1.00, $2.00**

GRECIAN MUSCLE OIL
restores strength to relaxed facial muscles, fills out attenuated features; removes tiny age and habit lines; cleanses the pores; keeps the skin soft and velvety. Three sizes—**75c., $2.00, $4.00.**

Mail Orders Receive Immediate Attention

Madam, Write for These Samples **Cleansing Cream, Vaneta Cream, Velvet Cream, Rose Bloom** (Liquid Rouge), **Japonica Lotion** (Liquid beauty powder), **Daphne Skin Tonic** (removes lines, enlarged pores). Creams in dainty jars, Tonics and Lotions in little vials, with de Luxe edition of our beautiful book, **"Beauty, How Acquired and Retained"**—all prepaid, **25c.**

Elizabeth Hubbard **505 T. 5th Ave. New York**
Tel. 6634 Bryant

ON SALE
November Twenty-Eighth
The Theatre Magazine Christmas Number
(*See page xvii for particulars*)

Famous For Complexion

Maxine Elliott Toilet Soap

will preserve a good complexion or improve a poor one.

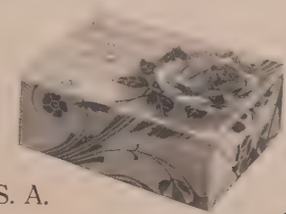
It cleanses thoroughly without irritating a tender skin. It cools, soothes, refreshes. Daintily scented.

Made in this assortment:

Buttermilk and Roses
Buttermilk and Violets
Buttermilk and Glycerine
Buttermilk

You will find Maxine Elliott Toilet Soap wherever good soaps are sold.

10 cents the cake 50 cents the box of 6



Swift & Company, U. S. A.

WRITE US FOR A
Sample Copy and Rates
of the
Metropolitan Opera House Programme
Season Opens on November 13th
THE THEATRE MAGAZINE CO.
8 West 38th Street - - - New York City

Photo Felix

MLLE. DANEREY

A beautifully draped evening gown in straw colored charmeuse. The chou of tulle on the bodice is held by a large gold and jeweled cabochon

goods is only sixty-five cents a yard, while a cotton material, warranted not to fade, and which is exceedingly artistic for both sash and long curtains, is ninety-five cents a yard for thirty-six inch goods. Materials suitable for long curtains and portières that are particularly attractive are reproductions of the India shawl designs at $7.50 a yard, which are specially suitable for libraries. An all cotton material comes in a two-tone effect, the set design of which has been taken from an ancient East Indian curtain, and costs $2.50.

More and more, both men and women, are becoming to realize that beauty lies not so much in the eye of the beholder, as said the poet of a past generation, but in physical perfection. It is sad to relate, yet none the less true, that more men go in for physical culture than women, yet undoubtedly more women require systematic physical exercise than men. A woman, who has lifted herself from a puny, insignificant morsel of humanity into the physical perfection that makes her the admiration of all beholders, has recently decided to give her method of exercise by a correspondence course. The lessons are fitted to the needs and requirements of the individual. Having acquired health, beauty and grace herself, so that she is often compared to the statues of the ancient Greek sculptors, this woman feels it her duty to place the secret within the reach of all womankind. Hysteria, insomnia, "the blues," indigestion and poor circulation, are a few of the ills to which so many women are heirs, that soon succumb to this course of physical culture.

At this time of the year it is very rare that you do not meet some one who says, "I have such a cold in my head that I can hardly speak." It only happened to me last week, and a friend recommended a new preparation which gave me immediate relief and cured my cold in one day. It is not injurious, does not contain any cocaine, opium or other derivatives, it is handy to carry about, and is merely a snuff.

I am also told it is a great relief for asthma and catarrh, and about the cheapest remedy in the market.

The "Parfait" corsets are made by expert French corsetieres exclusively for Franklin Simon & Co.

The "Parfait" corsets are made in many styles. One suitable for slender and medium figures is extremely long on the hips and in the back, and has a medium high bust; the sizes in this style range from nineteen to twenty-eight inches. In white fine French coutil the price is $7.50. Developed in white broché, in sizes nineteen to twenty-four inches, the price is $16.50.

THE "PARFAIT" CORSET
Made by Franklin Simon Co.

The same model developed in French coutil, but with a lower bust, can be had for $7.50, in sizes nineteen to twenty-eight inches.

No. 518. *A chic gown in royal purple velvet. The panels are of cerise satin and écru lace, veiled with purple chiffon. "L'Art de la Mode" pattern,* $3.00

Marinette

The Aristocrat of Knitted Coats

THE *pure worsted* used in "MARINETTE" Knitted Coats gives them "*life*" and springiness. They *don't* get limp and "lumpy." They are everlastingly shape-keeping.

Knit to shape—full-fashioned—elastic—hand finished throughout—reinforced "block" shoulders and reinforced necks—rip- and ravel-proof buttonholes—"The Aristocrat of Knitted Coats," with a "*differentness*" that spells *distinction.*

Four hundred separate styles for men, women and children retailing from $3. to $15. at all the best shops. Silk Coats, $20. to $75. Send a postcard for the name of a dealer near you and for our charming book "D."

Marinette Knitting Mills
Marinette Wisconsin

CRÊME ELCAYA

"Makes the Skin Like Velvet"

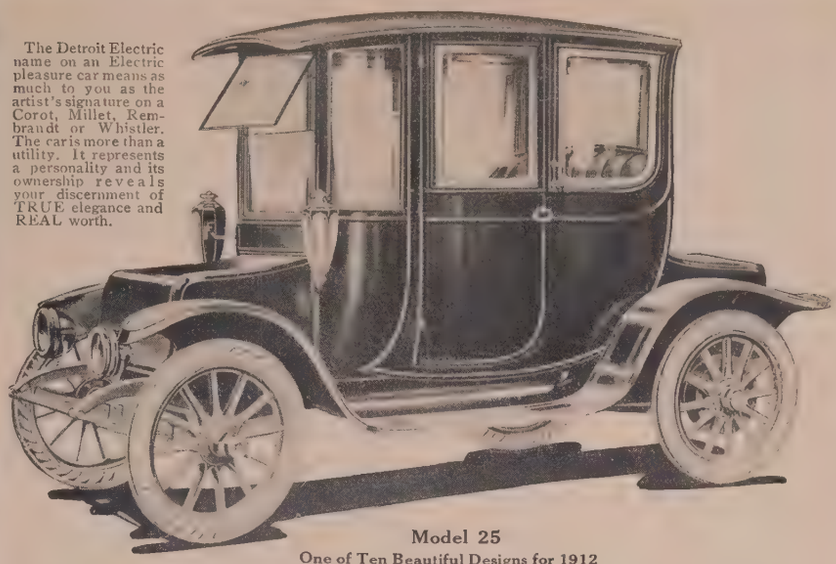
refines the complexion, makes it youthful—inviting. **ELCAYA keeps** the skin soft, **prevents** roughness or wrinkles, makes the face and neck fair, firm and plump. The well-groomed American woman uses **ELCAYA** also as a "Dressing-Cream"—with powder it imparts that fetching appearance without an artificial look. **ELCAYA** is a **time-tried** beauty aid that pleases the woman who **demands the best** her money will buy.

Sample Free—Send Dealer's Name

All Dealers, Nation-Wide, Sell ELCAYA

James C. Crane, Sole Agt., 108 D Fulton St., N. Y.

The Detroit Electric name on an Electric pleasure car means as much to you as the artist's signature on a Corot, Millet, Rembrandt or Whistler. The car is more than a utility. It represents a personality and its ownership reveals your discernment of TRUE elegance and REAL worth.



Model 25
One of Ten Beautiful Designs for 1912

THE turn of a key, your hand on the horizontal speed controller which *allows full seat room,* and you are ready to quietly "float" the miles away.

A slight movement of the hand—always in a natural, restful position on the horizontal lever—and you have a choice of five speeds. **Move it back of neutral position and you apply the hub brakes, without even touching the foot pedals,** or you can, also, bring the car to an abrupt stop by one pressure of the foot, which acts on four powerful, rear wheel brakes and at the same time instantly stops the flow of current,—a *double* safety device, patented.

The instant response of the car to your slightest wish naturally creates an irresistible desire to know about the unseen beauty of its mechanism upon which *all* depends. You wish to know about the storage of electricity, how it is turned into mechanical power by the motor and then carried to the wheels without waste through the "Chainless" Shaft Drive—another patented feature.

Explanatory Note—The word "Chainless" does not refer to the absence of side chains alone, but applied to the shaft drive, means no chain or gear reductions concealed at the motor, beneath the car. A "Chainless" Shaft Drive has 1130 fewer parts than a Shaft Drive constructed with concealed chains, a self-evident advantage.

All battery cell are "get-at-able" by simply raising the piano-hinged hoods, an absolute necessity for proper inspection and "venting" while on charge.

All body panels are of aluminum. They do not check, crack or warp. That means long life, continued beauty of finish and easy repair.

Bodies are hung lower but not so extreme that there is danger to vital machinery from insufficient clearance. Wonderful springs of improved design smooth over any unevenness of the road. Ball bearing steering knuckles make steering remarkably easy.

For 1912 we build one chassis in four sizes—85 inch, 90 inch, 96 inch and 112 inch wheel base. Ten stunning body designs.

Tires—Pneumatic or Motz Cushion.

Batteries—Edison—nickel and steel; Detroit Ironclad and Exide lead. Edison and Ironclad at additional cost.

Do not hesitate to write us for any information you may desire.

Anderson Electric Car Company
413 Clay Ave., Detroit, Mich.

BRANCHES: New York, Broadway at 80th St.; Chicago, 2416 Michigan Avenue; Buffalo, Cleveland, St. Louis, Minneapolis, Brooklyn and Kansas City

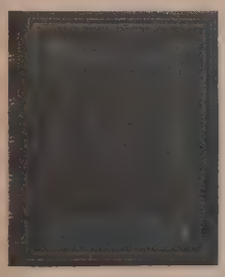
Selling Representatives in all Leading Cities

The Detroit Electric Shaft Drive Chainless

SECOND EDITION

THE LIFE OF PEG WOFFINGTON

By AUGUSTIN DALY



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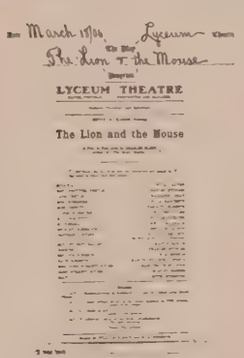

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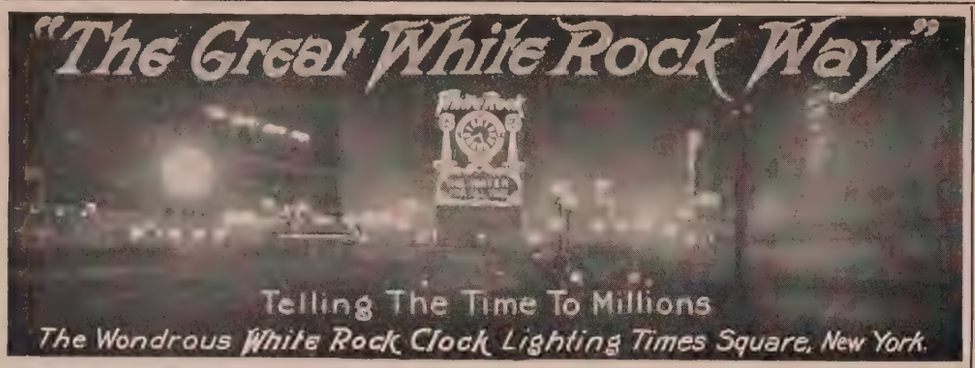

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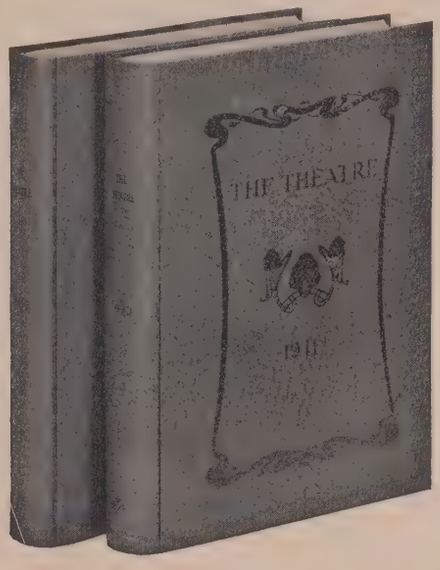

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